The Bystander, November 2, 1910

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The BYSTANDER

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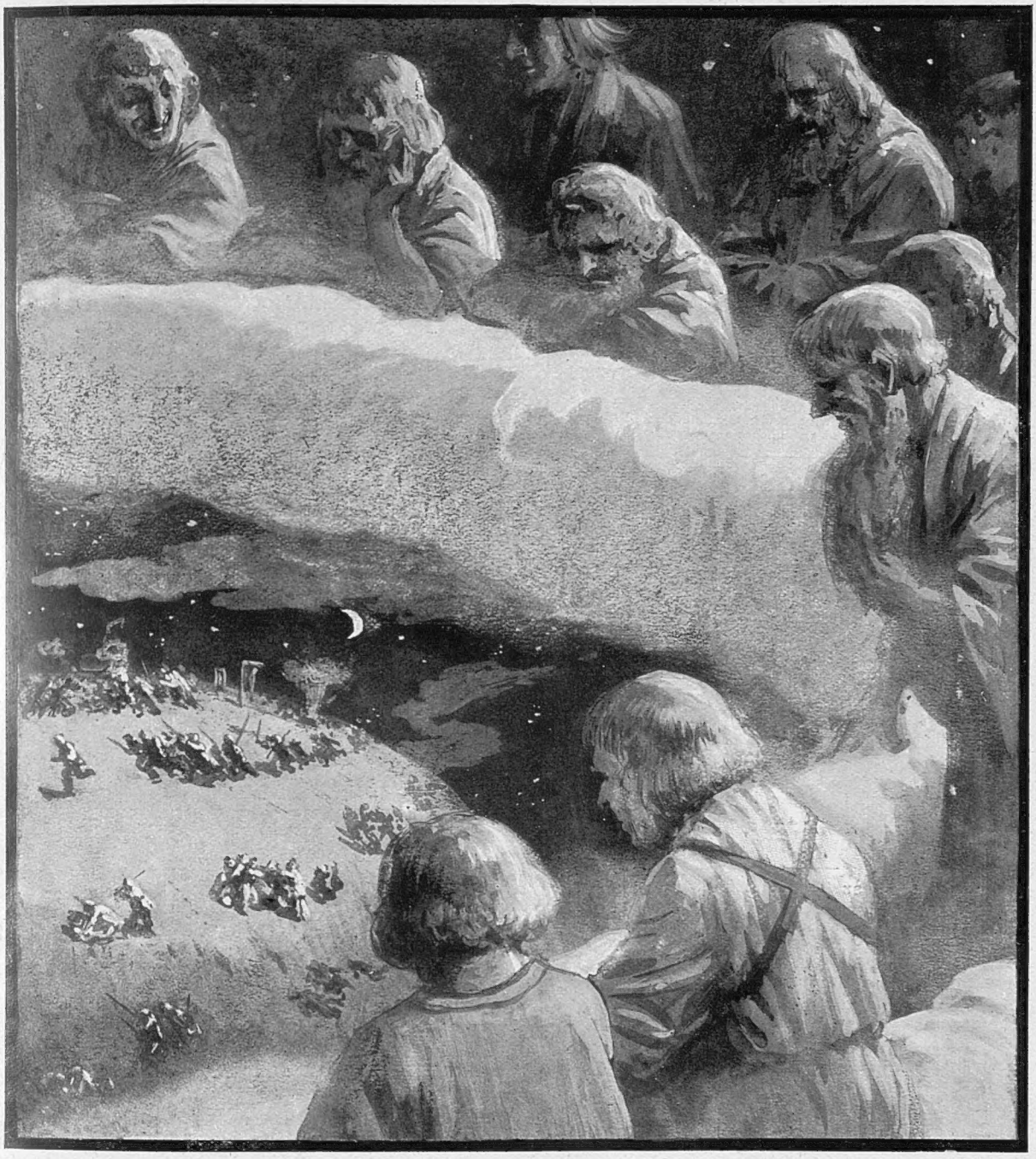

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BY E. MORROW

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

King George's Visit to King Manoel: His Majesty Driving out of the Gates at Wood Norton, which are only Opened for Royalty

The King and Queen

THE King left London for Sandringham on Saturday. Queen Mary, who is, of course, in the very deepest mourning, stayed behind in London in connection, it was officially announced, with her duties on the Needlework Guild. This is the first visit paid by the King to his Norfolk home since his accession. His Majesty is expected to get some shooting, and will probably be joined by the Queen and the younger members of the Royal family this week, but there will be no parties owing to the death of Prince Francis of Teck.

Royal Meetings

Kaiser and Tsar meet at Potsdam on Saturday; the Kaiser and the King of the Belgians were in close conference last week; King George and Queen Mary visited the dethroned King of Portugal at Wood Norton last Friday; and it is said that very soon the King of Spain will come to England to condole and confer with King Manoel. Meanwhile, Alfonso and his English Queen have been making a not unsuccessful tour of their country. It is known that the young Spanish King quite expects that one day soon he may have to fight for his throne and kingdom, as, indeed, he may have. But he has any amount of what is called "grit," and it is unlikely that he will capitulate quite so soon as did his brother Monarch.

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Children of the King and Queen of Spain with the Marchesa de Salamanca

In Remembrance

The King has presented a new altar-table—of Iona marble with oak canopy—in memory of his father to Crathie Parish Church. King Edward always walked to matins at Crathie when he was in the Highlands, and so did Queen Victoria, except when it was very wet, when a sort of impromptu service would be held in the Balmoral dining-room before lunch.

The Scot in Church

It is best not to be too sensitive on matters of reverence or ritual when visiting Scottish churches. The John Knox attitude is still no uncommon one, and I recollect being altogether horrified at the unspeakable irreverence of a verger or elder or something who showed me over an old cathedral, now used for Presbyterian worship. And it is Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, I think, who quotes as the very worst example of snobbery she ever came across the case of a beautiful little Northern cathedral church near Dornoch, where a statue of one of the Dukes of Sutherland occupies the place of the altar, where Masses had been said for many years, and where every single pew was brightly emblazoned with the family coat-of-arms.

The Court Mourning

Full Court mourning comes to an end next Monday, after which date there is to be half mourning for six months for King Edward, two weeks of which are to be considered as half mourning for the late Prince Francis of Teck. Town is very full, and next week, with the opening of Parliament, will be fuller, and it is hoped that the half-mourning order will prove the signal for some entertaining. Dinner-parties, supper, and theatre-parties have been very much the vogue for a month past, but of really big entertainments there have been none. Eating has been our only recreation for months.

The Cambridgeshire Meeting

The Houghton meeting at Newmarket last week was sadly affected by the death and funeral of Prince Francis of Teck, and the Cambridgeshire day was not up to its usual form, as so many of the racing set were absent. There were, as usual, large house-parties round about the district. Lord and Lady Wolverton had Lady St. Oswald staying with them at Queensberry House, and Sir Keith and Lady Dorothy Fraser were the guests of Mr. Dudley and Lady Barbara Smith. Mr. and Mrs. William Jameson brought a party from Stonlangtoft that included Lord and Lady Aylesford, Lady Magdalen Bulkeley, and Lord Decies. Sir Robert and Lady Jardine were at the Kremlin, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brougham were with them. The general company at the meeting included the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Carnarvon (who wore beautiful furs each day with mourning costumes), Lady Beatrix Herbert, Mary, Lady Gerard, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Lady Gwendeline Churchill (who was staying with her sister, Lady Alice Reyntiens), Lady de Trafford, Lady Burton, Lady Sybil Grant, Lady Dalmeny and her sister, Mrs. Molyneux Clarke, Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, Lady Villiers, Lady Leucha Warner, Lady Norreys, Lady Wolverton, Lady Anne Lambton, Lady Alice Egerton, Miss Jane Thornewill, Lady de Bathe, Baroness Margaret de Brienen, and others who usually foregather at the chief race meetings of the year. So ends my tale of Newmarket for this season. We shall not assemble on the Classic Heath until the Craven meeting calls us when April comes round.

Lord and Lady Lovat's Honeymoon

After their wedding at the Oratory, Lord and Lady Lovat proceeded to Scotland. This photograph was taken at Morar station, Inverness-shire. They are staying at Morar Lodge for their honeymoon

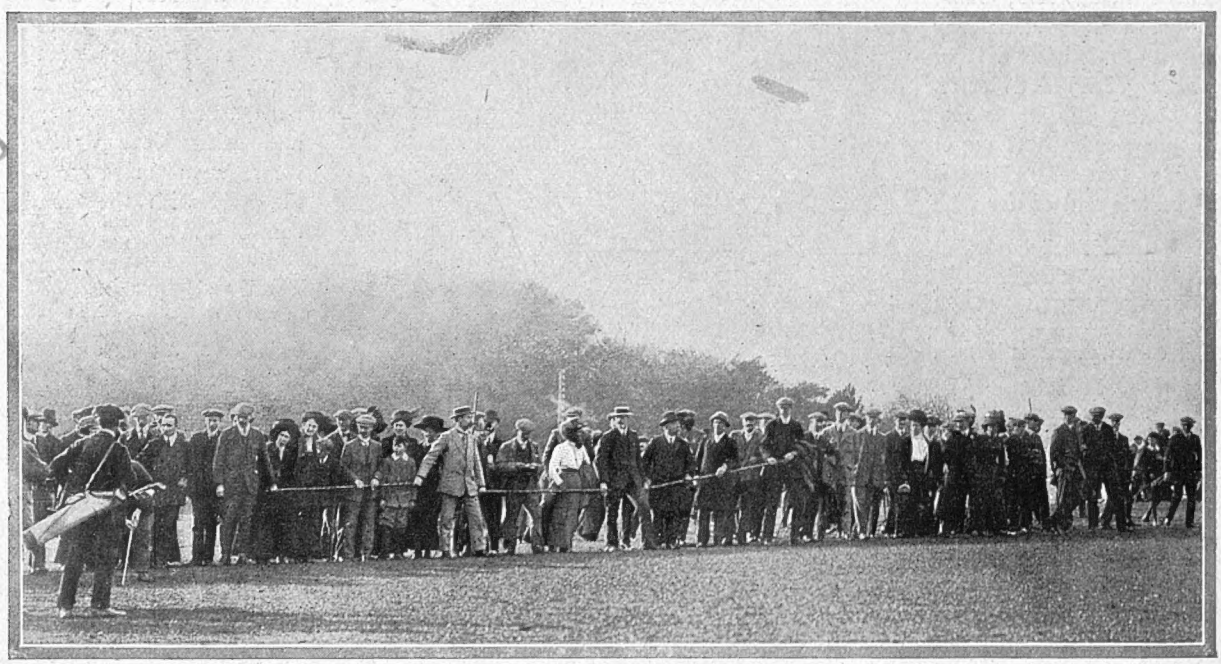
Entertaining and the Coronation

May I inquire what has become of the dance hostesses this season? Not one single dance do I hear of, and the young people are beginning to worry sadly. So much has been anticipated this month after the Court went into half-mourning, and yet no hostess has shown any signs of lighting candles and bidding the dancing boys and girls to assemble. Is the ante-Christmas going to be a frost? It looks rather like it. I am told that many people are saving up for next year, and the Coronation is to be made the excuse for many things. It is perfectly ridiculous to hear a number of people say, "Oh, I shall be so busy with the Coronation that I can't possibly undertake to do this, that, or the other next year!" As a matter of fact, the Coronation and its ceremonies affect very few people. It was just the same at the time of the crowning of King Edward. It was made an excuse for all kinds of slackness in social duties. We are likely to hear the same stories told in different fashion before June comes round.

Duchesses on the Rink

The skating season at Olympia will soon commence, and we shall see all the members of the social world whirling round and round on the huge floor. The

INVADERS, PLEASE NOTE!

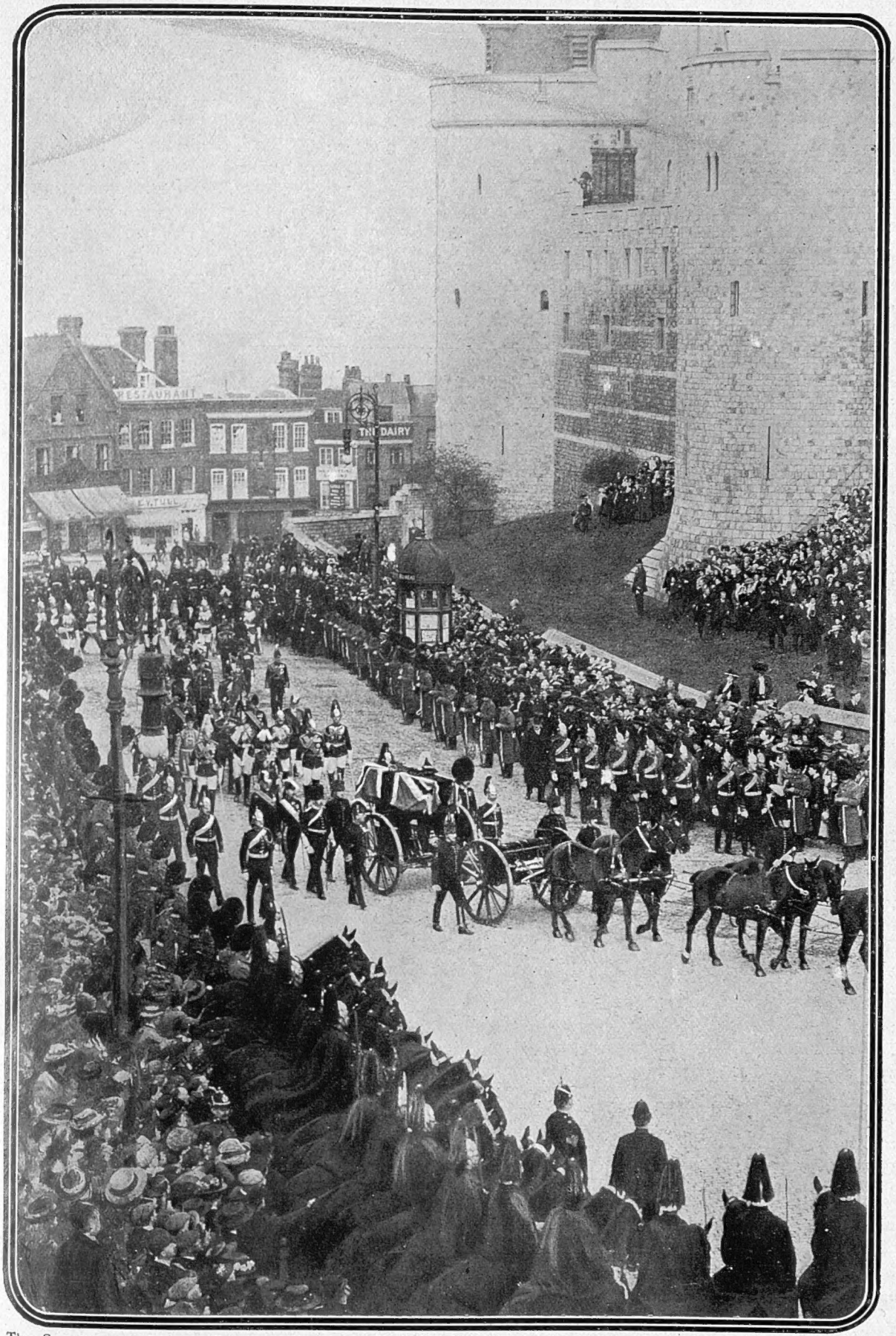


Golf More Interesting than Airships

The frantic attempts of rival newspapers to interest their readers in the flights of their respective airships are not, apparently, appreciated by the public. Last week the passage of the Lebaudy (*Morning Post*) airship over the new golf course at Brighton only served to attract a momentary glance, so concentrated were the spectators on Braid's putting. The gentle invader may like to cut this picture out and keep it handy for reference

The Passing of "Prince Frank"

WINDSOR'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE QUEEN'S POPULAR BROTHER



The State funeral of Prince Francis of Teck at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was one of beautiful simplicity. The bereaved King and Queen attended with representatives of foreign Courts, and the variety of professions followed by those present at the last scenes testified to the many-sidedness of the dead Prince's career. Many soldiers mourned for the loss of a gallant officer, actors and dramatists for the loss of a great patron of the stage, representatives of charitable institutions for the loss of a philanthropist, doctors, nurses, and students for the loss of a great patron of the hospitals. "Prince Frank," as his friends called him, will truly be missed

Sunday Skating Club has obtained many fresh members during the past few months, and I am told that a number of Duchesses intend starting on wheels for the first time. Last year the Sunday afternoons at Olympia brought together an extraordinary collection of well-known people, and the assemblage next month promises to be even more varied.

Movements of the Great

The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, who have been paying many visits lately, are to stay with Lord and Lady Craven at Coombe Abbey towards the end of the month, and a large party will, I hear, be invited to meet them. Mrs. George Keppel and Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone are shortly starting on a tour round the world, and will not return until next spring. They intend visiting Ceylon, Japan, and other places of interest.

Viscount Campden

Eldest son and heir of the Earl of Gainsborough

THOSE "IDLE RICH"

The Earl of Gainsborough's birthday shooting party at Exton Park, Rutland

Earl of Gainsborough

He was sixty years old on the 20th ult.

of the Great British Food Problem, for he intends not only to go on curing us at Marienbad, but, in future, will practise in London as well, so as to keep an eye on us all the rest of the year. It's a rather nice arrangement all round, I think. We shall be able to go to the Bad without the bother of going to Germany, and Dr. Ott, while we are stoking, will no longer be left in the cold. And what about a pump-room? Will Dr. Ott insist on the whole thing being done *en règle*; and will it become the thing to take eight o'clock in the morning promenades down Piccadilly, with a glass of Ott stuff in one hand?

A Correction

In a paragraph in our issue of August 31 a contributor referred to Earl Poulett as having been forbidden to drive a motor owing to "scorching." Lord Poulett informs me that the statement in question is quite unfounded, and I am glad, therefore, to take the opportunity of correcting it and apologising to his lordship for the annoyance caused him by its publication.

Photographs *Howard Barrett*

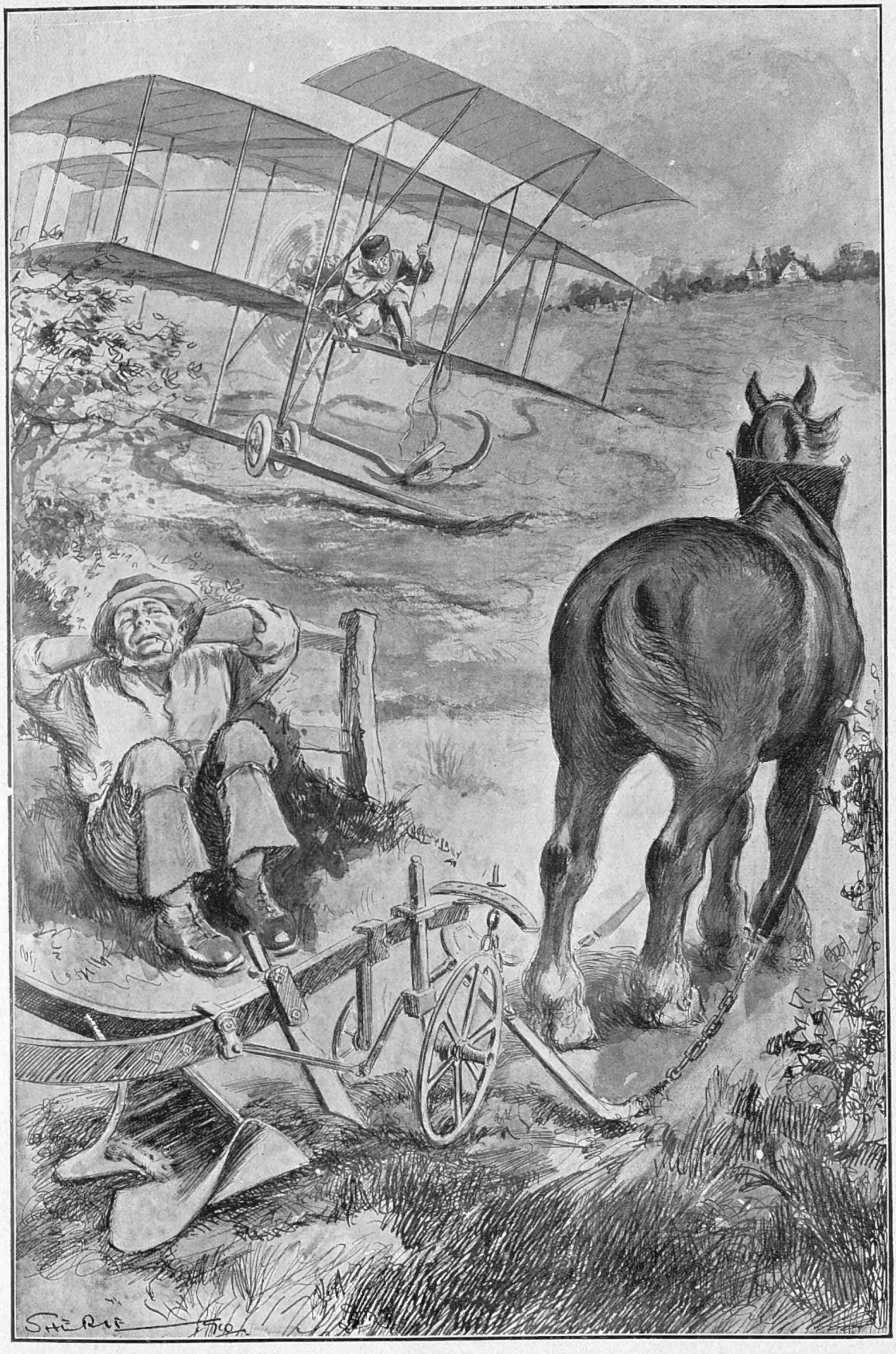
Back Row (*left to right*): Major Hughes Onslow, Mr. Blount, and Mr. Roche Kelly
Front Row: Mrs. Gwatkin, Miss Gwatkin, Lady Plowden, Lord Gainsborough, Viscount Campden, Lady Nora Noel, Mr. Gwatkin, Col. Alexander, Mr. Whitaker Rainworth

The Gainsborough Shooting Party—and their Furred and Feathered Victims

Ott Stuff

The celebrated Dr. Ott, the honoured of King Edward, and the physician of all aristocratic overeaters, takes, it would seem, a very grave view indeed

"It is an Ill Wind——"



AN OLD PROVERB WITH AN UP-TO-DATE ILLUSTRATION. BY E. F. SHERIE

The Conference Again

My political correspondent's very cautious speculation as to the reason of the break-up of the Veto Conference has now received confirmation between the valuable lines of the *Daily News*. That is has broken up is admitted. The semi-official Liberal organ again tells us that the Premier will report progress soon after the opening of Parliament, and that his statement will be immediately backed-up by "advanced" men in the Government like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. Precisely. The joint authors of the Premier's speech will naturally take their "call." Conservatives had better be prepared, or their tricks will be trumped again. The Conference has broken up because the parties have not been able to agree to terms. Each side will, consequently, have to fight its own corner. The great Garvinesque Imperial Home-Rule-cum-Preference is "off," and presumably Limehouse is "on." Well, well, we shall wait and see.

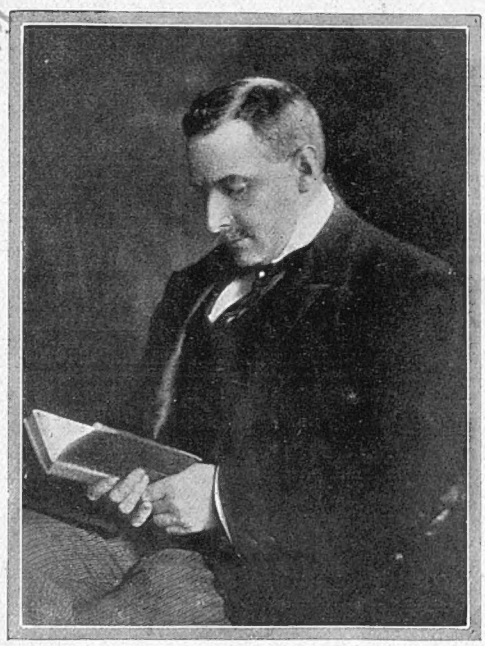
Photograph *Piccadilly Arcade Studio*

Approved by the Chancellor

Mr. W. H. Clark, C.M.G., formerly Mr. Lloyd George's Private Secretary at the Treasury, who is now proceeding to take up the new and lucrative post secured for him by his former chief as Member for Commerce and Industry of the Indian Executive Council

That New Gun!

Mr. Balfour has, apparently, counted on the Navy, which served him admirably last year, as the best reply. It breaks my heart to have to say so, but I rather fear it will not do. Far be it from me to praise the present Government, or to do anything to suggest that the Admiralty is anything else but a pack of lubberly lawyers, but this new 13·5 in. gun does seem—does it not?—to have been rather a bright idea on the part of somebody. If it be true that Germany has had, as a result, to hold back her four 1910 Dreadnoughts, and that we, as a consequence, gain a decisive lead in the race, then many people, even Conservatives, will be inclined to wonder whether we ought to turn Mr. McKenna out even for—say—Lord Midleton. Or, to put it a little more bluntly, it looks as though some of these terrible Radicals are rather clever, in their way, at all events, in some things, confound them!



Not Approved by the Chancellor

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, referred to by Mr. George, in a recent sermon, as a "pompous, pretentious, and futile person" (Mr. Strachey had ventured to differ from some aspects of the Lloyd Georgian finance)

The "Dramatic Surprise"

A characteristic idea of how the party game is played was seen in some of the papers the day following the *Telegraph's* announcement of the "dramatic surprise." The scaremongers who should, one would have thought, have recorded so great a triumph for Britain with flaring headlines, were silent. Instead, they took violently to aeroplanes, which (if the painful truth must be told) are beginning to bore the public badly.

The "Spectator's" Editor

Let me unmask Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the man who has dared to criticise Mr. George. In the first place, he is a man of family, a descendant of Wenceslaus, first Christian Duke of Bohemia. How dare Mr. Strachey have distinguished ancestors. Toll the bell; bring out the tumbril! Worse still, there is a horrible tale of public service in the Strachey family history. Mr. Justice Stephen once described them as "the Stracheys that govern India." Infamous! Turning to Mr. Strachey himself, he had the effrontery to be educated at Balliol, where, thanks to collusion on the part of Jowett, he was given a First Class in History. He not only read poetry, but wrote it! Some of his juvenile doggerel actually found its way into print—in a paper known as *Macmillan's Magazine!* Later, Mr. Strachey was called to the Bar, but his debased tastes ran in the direction of literature and journalism. He wrote for the *Daily News* and *Saturday Review*, and in 1886 joined the staff of the *Spectator*. Twelve years later, he became proprietor and editor of that sheet. *What* a career!

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering what became of the racing set on the Cambridgeshire day. They are wondering where they hid themselves. They are wondering at her idea of Court mourning. They are wondering why her ladyship was not on the private stand. They are wondering if the best man accompanied the bride and bridegroom to Newmarket. They are wondering if her absence was really from Newmarket. They are wondering when the strange yachting-party will set forth on its voyage. They are wondering if she really attended the trial last week. They are wondering when the great libel case will be heard. They are wondering whether he will withdraw any of his charges. They are wondering who was responsible for keeping the wedding guests waiting in Piccadilly the other day.

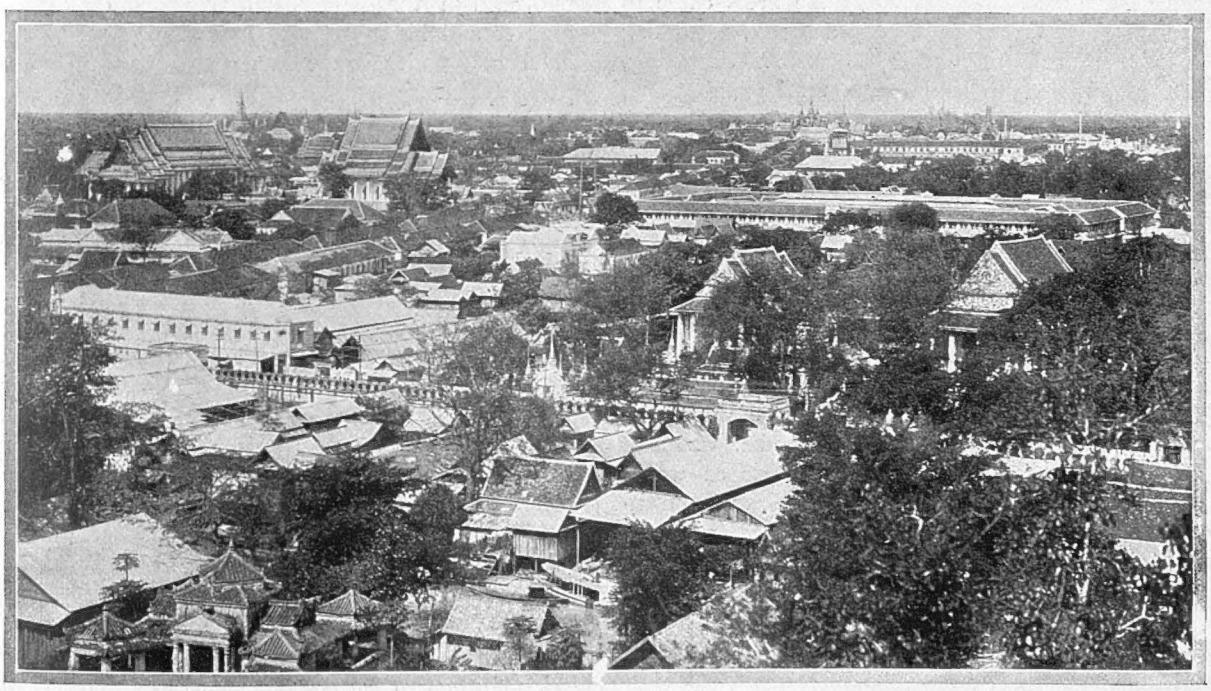
The New Reign in Siam

BANGKOK, KING VAJIRAVUDH'S BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL

The Palace (on the left) and the Main Street of Bangkok

One of the Principal Thoroughfares in the City

The Palace of the King of Siam



General View of Bangkok

Siam has lost its enlightened monarch, and a new King, fortunately for the Siamese a man of even greater culture and breadth of mind, has ascended the throne in Bangkok. There are few lovelier cities in the East than this. The approach, along the River Menam, is exceedingly beautiful, with its temples, gardens, noble trees, and palaces. The internal traffic of the city is largely carried on by means of canals, there being only a few passable streets in the whole city

THE LAW'S INGRATITUDE TO THE PRESS

Press versus Bench

USUALLY, the Press receives with due contrition sentences for Contempt of Court—especially those papers not themselves "attached." The rule of "no comment pending trial" is rather liked in Fleet Street, which is rather more discerning than the stage, and knows the dramatic value to the storm of the calm before. The Press does not *wish* to take the trial of prisoners out of the hands of Justice, for by doing so it robs itself of one of its prime assets—the privilege of melodramatic description when the case comes on. Last week's series of Crippen contempts clearly leave behind them, in those committed, some sense of injury. In the case of the *Chronicle*, my contemporary raises the question whether the order "Silence" is not given too soon, if it is to operate immediately after the warrant is issued. In the case in question, the "wanted" man was not before any British Court, but was a fugitive on the high seas. The law may insist on its point, but supposing the Press makes this a grievance? While the man is in durance vile awaiting trial, by all means no comment. But when he is "wanted"? His very disappearance is presumption of guilt. Is one, therefore, to speak of him as though he were an ordinary private citizen, thus: "Dr. Crippen, the well-known anatomist, is on his way to Quebec, having passed a few days in Antwerp"?

(The Bench had great difficulty in deciding exactly which member of a newspaper staff to hold personally responsible for the recent Crippen Contempts of Court)

THE RED QUEEN (Mr. Justice Darling): "Off with his head"
EXECUTIONER: "But it doesn't seem to have any head"
THE RED QUEEN: "If something isn't done about it in less than no time, I'll have everybody executed all round"

Did the Press Capture Crippen?

If this is to be the order of the day, why comment on the gentleman at all? Suppose the Press chose to take the Law at its literal word, and publish nothing whatsoever about fugitives from justice? Supposing, assuming a man to be innocent until found guilty, they were to refuse one and all to publish portraits? Who, an editor would languidly ask, is Dr. Crippen? An alleged murderer? Well, well, what is that to us? Let the Law look for him; we are busy with our airships. I would like very much to know where the Law would have been had the Press taken this attitude lately. Certainly there would have been no Crippen in the condemned cell at the present moment, and Inspector Dew would still have been wondering.

It was because the portraits of Crippen and Le Neve had been made as familiar to the public as their own faces that Captain Kendall was able to send his "wireless." Otherwise, Crippen would now be hidden in New York or Chicago, and to find him our police would have had their American, and not their Canadian, *confrères* to deal with—a very different matter.

Another point. If a newspaper is to be punished for printing an opinion on the guilt of a fugitive from justice, why not punish also (in the ratio of slander to libel) the man who, in a crowded third-class carriage, in a club, a public-house, a theatre queue, or a football crowd, says the same thing? "'E did it right enough." "'E'll swing for it," etc., etc. Or what of the man or woman who hisses and groans at the prisoner on arrival? Is he or she not every bit as much a "commentator" as the editor? The fact that the accused has been groaned or hissed at is published in the papers, and the opinion of the groaner and hisser receives the same publicity and influences opinion to the same extent as that of the paragraphist.

The Red Queen on the Bench

The surprise of the Courts has been, of course, the attitude towards the papers of Mr. Justice Darling, which recalls forcibly that of the Red Queen towards the Cheshire cat (altered). "Off with his head," was the order of the day, though in this case the executioner's difficulty was exactly reversed. In the case of the Cheshire cat, the official had to cut off a head that lacked a body, whereas the offending newspaper has a body without a head. Whether proprietor, editor, sub-editor, news-editor, or contributor should suffer was difficult to decide, but (to adapt the inimitable *Alice*) "the Queen's argument was that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed all round."

I am glad, by the way, to see that the newspapers generally are showing fight. As one great daily has urged, the Press is "no longer a timid experiment, existing on sufferance," and "it is not fitting that its occasional 'slips' should be treated as if they were instances of wilful or flagrant criminality." Precisely!

A Fair Welsh Bride

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS MYFANWY EDWARDS

Daughter of Sir Francis Edwards, Bart., and Lady Edwards, of Knighton, Radnorshire, who is to be married, on November 22, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the Rev. Lumley Green-Wilkinson, son of General Green-Wilkinson, C.B.

The Kaiser as the Protector of Islam

Pitiful Failure of British Diplomacy

The famous Cartoon, in which, at the outset of his reign, the Kaiser foreshadowed his own position as the leader of Europe against the Yellow Peril

'Jassaschim Guilelm Ikkindschi"

WE do not like the sound of it at all. Being interpreted, it is Turkish for "Long Live William II." It was cried out at a meeting in Constantinople a little over a week ago of mixed Turkish and Persian Moslems, who had just passed a resolution calling upon the Kaiser, as "Islam's most faithful protector," to intervene to rescue Persia from British, and, incidentally also, Russian aggression.

The Kaiser acclaimed publicly in Constantinople as the Protector of Islam! From the first year of his reign, to play the leading European rôle in Asia has been his ambition. Ridiculed originally as a phantasm, the Kaiser's cartoon invoking the nations of Europe to arise and defend their common possessions "against the Yellow Peril" will probably be judged by history to have been the keynote of a great campaign, the principal object of which was to show himself in the rôle of a leader of Europe against —something. The Yellow Peril served, as it was the only thing really big enough whereon to unite an imagining Europe. So the Kaiser orientalised himself, and looked Eastward thenceforward. He thwarted Japan in her war terms with China; he sent the mailed fist to Kiao-Chan. He went himself to Palestine, figuring as Abdul's Only Friend. He went to Tangier, as the protector of Morocco against France. He has lost no single opportunity to figure himself before the eyes of Islam as Lord Protector against whatever "peril" may have come handy. And, lastly, lest, through constitutional illness, he should himself not be spared to carry out his oriental ambitions, the Kaiser has fitted out his son for the reversion of the rôle. Crown Prince William is soon to set forth on a glorious tour of the East. Why? To "boom" Germany as the alternative to England as the sovereign power of the East.

That the Kaiser should have been permitted to figure in this rôle of Moslem Protector is, as said above, a damning disgrace to British diplomacy. What are the circumstances that have brought it about? Undoubtedly we have failed ignominiously to take advantage of the extraordinary turn of affairs in our favour which took place with the triumph of the Young Turks and the dethronement of Abdul. The Turkish Revolution, which involved the collapse of the pro-German Hamidian *règime, should* have assured British (or Franco-British) ascendancy on the Bosphorus for a generation. The Young Turks were "Liberals." They acquired their ideas of Parliamentary Government in Paris and in London, and were predisposed to our friendly offices. *Why* has Baron Marschall been allowed a diplomatic walk-over, which has made possible the present disastrous state of affairs?

The Kaiser as he appeared in Palestine in 1898

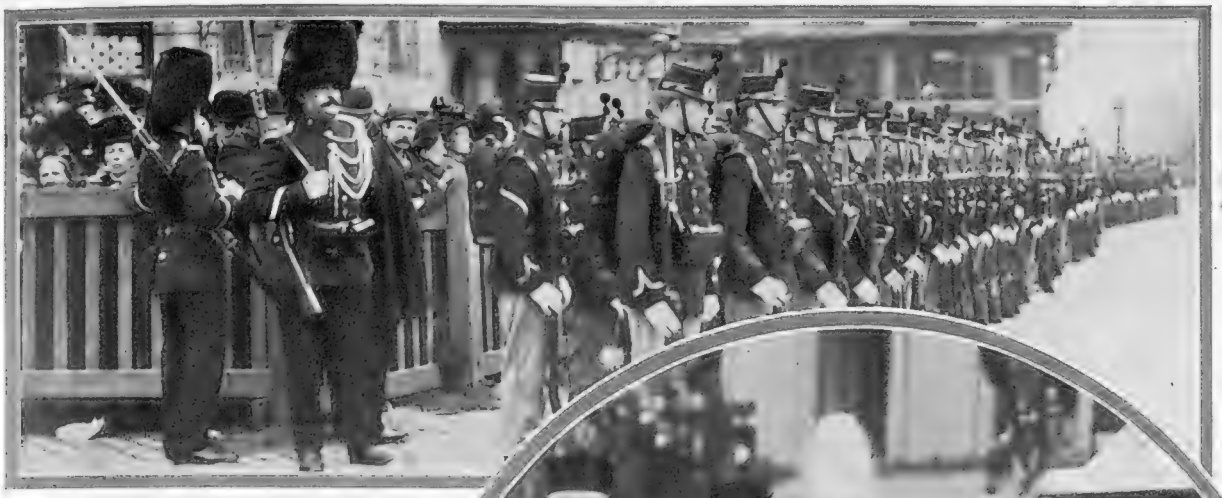
The historic visit by which he inaugurated the Eastern policy which has now taken a decisive turn by his acclamation in Constantinople as "Protector of Islam," a position hitherto held by Great Britain, but sacrificed by our incompetent diplomacy

For one thing, because of the personality of the British Ambassador in Constantinople (Sir Gerard Lowther), a diplomat who was successful enough in the "you be damned" style, but who lacks altogether the ingratiating cosmopolitanism which is so needed at Pera. Sir Gerard offended the Young Turks from the very outset of his career on the Bosphorus, disdaining their enthusiasm, rejecting their friendly advances. Secondly, there was the bungling diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey over the Bosnian affair, whereby we espoused the Turkish cause only to drop it like a live coal when we saw that Austria, aided by Germany, was determined to fight for her new possessions. By cutting a ridiculous figure before all Europe we enabled Germany, long athirst for such an opportunity, again to reassert herself as the friend of Turkey.

To-day Germany leads on the Bosphorus, and is on the high road to justify the title "Protector of Islam." Oh, for one hour of Salisbury—or even of Lansdowne!

Cordial—By Order!

THE BELGIANS' RECEPTION OF THEIR IMPERIAL GERMAN GUEST



Lest They Misbehaved!
Please notice the rows of soldiers, to say nothing of the police and the barricades ensuring that the people of Brussels keep at a respectful distance from their Imperial patron

A Diplomatic Distraction: The Airship "Ville de Bruxelles" Flying Over the Route
Desperate attempts were apparently made by the authorities in Brussels to secure a peaceful if not a cordial reception for the Kaiser last week. Outbursts of hissing, however, could not be prevented, and several of the demonstrators were arrested. The airship which sailed gaily over the route probably soothed the temper of many a loyal Belgian who distrusts the Kaiser and his intentions. The picture above of the Emperor and King Albert driving through the streets distinctly suggests that the note of disapproval has reached the Imperial ear

A NOVEMBER CONSPIRACY

(Which might happen on the 5th inst. if History had the courage to repeat itself.)

Written and Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON

NOW are days of unbloody and extremely civil revolutions. A remand at a police court is the equivalent of hanging and sudden quarterings in the dear old days.

You "cut" a man metaphorically to-day, whereas you dittoed him vitally before, and a county court summons takes the place of the stake or the ordeal by fire.

Yet if your baby cuts its teeth in the same outrageous, self-suffocating way as you did, you put your bright and beaming face close to your wife's, and murmur, "How history repeats itself." It never penetrates into your case-hardened and calabash-like cranium that it may do so really. You know how each morning you skip the abbreviated "Police Intelligence" part of your paper all speed to the Breach of Promise division. It does not occur to you that you may have skipped the tail ends of what might be as big a conspiracy as any you learnt with tribulation at your dame school.

"With the aid of a pair of black tights and a bamboo curtain-pole he will pose as the Sergeant-at-Arms"

We all know the air is full of detectives, secret service agents, and German spies, that is if you read ha'penny-wise, and you can easily gather from their thrilling fictions how the most stupendous crime can fizzle out to a D and D or an endorsed licence.

Go any time into the Savoy, Claridge's, Harris's, anywhere where Society rounds itself up to break its fast with supper.

Pleasant little parties of threes and fours at the tables, gentlemen attempting to amuse, ladies insoucian and side-eyeing.

You think you are gazing at the bright night side of life, butterfly and electric-light Society, Society whose furriers call daily for orders for sables.

That little party of four young men; at least two are nothing less than Viscounts and the others slightly, if not entirely, Hons. of some sort.

Laughing, chatting away, apparently exchanging University experiences, seeking tips on getting rid of rubber shares, asking how the Countess is, astonished that Christmas draws nearer as its date approaches. That is exactly what you think, primed with fashion-book knowledge.

"Here they stand shivering for two hours"

It is quite possible that one of the most diabolical and far-reaching politico-treasonable crimes may be on hatch at the peaceful table. These sleek men, smartly groomed (Society men are always groomed by their valets; they don't dress themselves), under the pretence of a supper *chez eux*, are but completing the final arrangements of a deep-laid scheme. They are now casting lots as to who shall be the one to carry out the most daring part of the plot.

If you have anything of the detective in you (and who has not?), cannot you see they are the sort of men who might be very, very cross about Form IV., and want to find out what the other Forms are all about?

Even while you have been looking, the die is cast, and the task has fallen to the one whose back faces you.

He is still quite unconcerned—apparently, but once outside he will tremble at the vastness of his responsibility and risk.

The arrangements are complete down to the smallest detail.

The Forms he has to find lie in the cellars of the House of Commons.

In the dark of midnight he will disguise himself. With the aid of a pair of black tights and a bamboo curtain-pole borrowed from the Park Lane residence he will pose as the Sergeant-at-Arms. He will thus hoodwink the blinking policeman at the entrance, and the rest will be easy. In the meantime his friends will have chartered a taxi (Society men never hire, they always charter) to Gospel Oak.

To put the sleuth-hounds of the law off the scent they will entrain for Hampstead; then by way of West Ham they will double on their tracks to Parliament Hill.

"A member of the Kitchen Committee fulfilling his nightly duties"

They will wait there to see or hear any sign that shows the successful accomplishment of the mission. He is to send up two blue rockets if he succeeds, and a Chinese cracker if it has proved abortive.

Here they stand shivering for two hours, with nothing but the cooing of the plover and the spluttering of the glow-worm to break the midnight air.

What has been happening in the dim distant city? Perhaps all has been successful. The policeman has blinked and saluted, and the long, dark passages lie before him. The archives of the kingdom lie ready to his hand, nothing on the ear but the swish, swish of the lambent air as it curls up and down the Clock Tower. But, like all dastardly crimes, one little thing has been overlooked.

Certain now of success, he enters a room, from the window of which he hopes to send up his blue rockets.

Alas! the swish, swish of the lambent air is but the noise of a scrubbing-brush, and he goes through the door to find a member of the Kitchen Committee fulfilling his nightly duties.

He turns and flees.

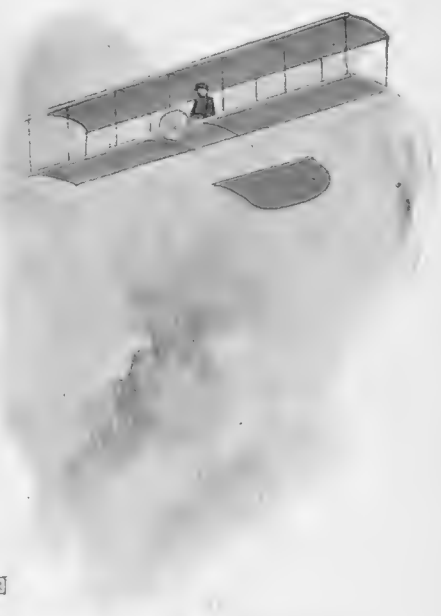
The blinking policeman dreams of a Sergeant-at-Arms travelling on the wings of terror.

The conspirator is found twenty minutes after bathing his head on the Temple steps. Dazed and deranged, he asks the constable who discovers him when the fireworks are going to begin, collapses, and is led off like a lamb.

Three figures walk moodily down Parliament Hill, and charter the next airship that is crossing the Atlantic, and disguise themselves as aviators.

"Charter the next airship that is crossing the Atlantic, and disguise themselves as aviators"

After a hurried interview with a wretched man at the police station, Inspector Raindrop will engage an aeroplane to take him across the Atlantic more quickly than the conspirators. As is usual in such cases, the airship finds its long last rest in the Black Forest, and the trees around are to be exceptionally green next year.



"Inspector Raindrop will engage an aeroplane to take him across the Atlantic more quickly than the conspirators"

The aeroplane arrives at New York without Inspector Raindrop, and you will skip heedlessly over a little item in the "Police Intelligence" next morning. It will tell about a weary little man being fined forty shillings for wandering without any visible means of subsistence, a pair of tights, and a bamboo curtain-rod. The memory of the conspiracy may be kept up in after years by the promenading of his effigy up and down the streets of London, faithfully reproduced from photographs that weren't allowed to be taken at the police court.

"The promenading of his effigy up and down the streets of London"

By Field, Stream and Covert.

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Opening Meet of the Brighton and Brookside Harriers at the Kennels, Patcham: A Run through the Turnips

The Opening of the Season

By this time next week the regular season will have opened in all countries, and so far as can be judged at present the favourable view of the prospects of sport which was taken in the recent Hunting Supplement of this journal will be justified. Nearly everywhere cubs have turned up well during the preliminary season, and though the ground was very hard for a long time hounds have scored as many kills as are necessary to keep them desperately keen. What a bustle and commotion the start of hunting does cause in various circles! For many weeks past hunting tailors have been working at full pressure. Saddlers and tradesmen in a dozen other branches have felt the glow of a revival of business, which in these days of motor-cars would be practically non-existent for those worthy folk if it were not for hunting. Tattersall's, Warner's, and other horse repositories are thronged by people who have waited until the eleventh hour before making up the gaps in their studs. Throughout the countryside there are unmistakable signs of the arrival of another season, and to see the constant stream of enthusiasts steadily pouring into the Midlands for the winter makes one wonder what this and other parts of England would be like without the grand old sport to enliven things from October to April.

Mr. Ferdinand P. J. Hanbury, the new Joint Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds
He hunts the pack in partnership with Sir Arthur Herbert, the British Minister at Christiania

Hunting and the Country

Yes, hunting fills a place of great importance in the life of rural England. Some people endeavour to show that farmers would be better off if no hounds were kept, but if you put this question directly to the occupiers of the land I fancy an overwhelming majority of them would vote solidly for the retention of hunting and all its glories. The opponents of the chase have to remember the immense void which would be created in this country if the sport were to be done away with. What could they give us in place of hunting, the millions it puts into circulation every season, and the employment it affords? It is all very well to say that the vast amount of money now spent on hunting could be more profitably employed in afforestation and agricultural schemes, but people hunt because they derive genuine enjoyment and health from the sport. Deprive them of the opportunities of riding to hounds, and the money they now spend in rural districts and small towns would either not be spent at all or else would be taken abroad for an indulgence in vigorous recreations which England cannot offer during the winter. I do not want to trot out a long string of figures in these notes, but many interesting facts might be quoted to prove that the chase means a great deal more to the countryside than is generally imagined by those who have not carefully considered the subject.

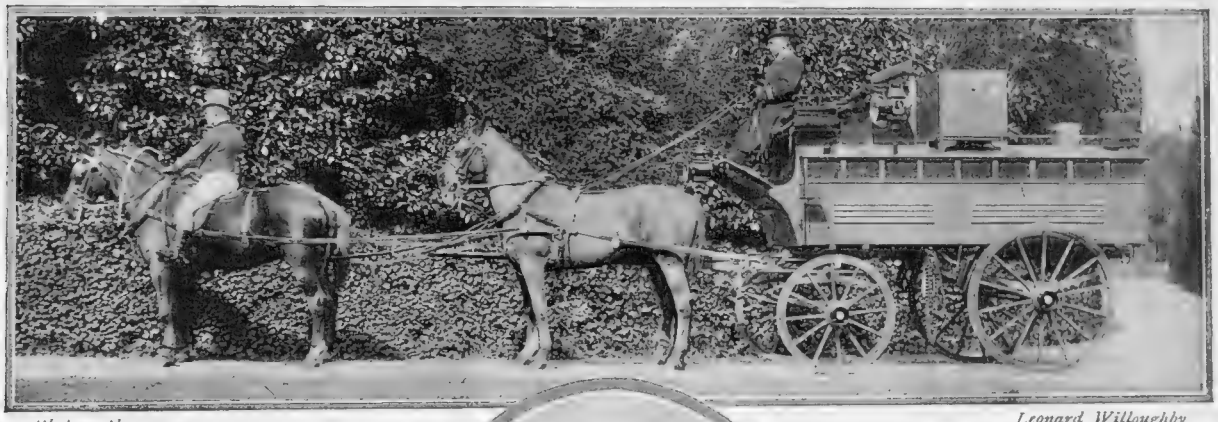
A Question of Subscriptions

Recently the secretary of a good pack in the West Midlands assured me that some people in his country were saying they could not afford to pay subscriptions and ride to hounds because they had gone in for motors. Others, again, were sending smaller cheques to the Hunt on the same excuse. If those folk are the well-wishers of foxhunting, they must bear in mind that Hunt subscriptions are based on a moderate scale, and should they continue to dwindle it will become extremely difficult to carry on

Diana of the Crossways

LITERARY NOTE BY H. M. BATEMAN

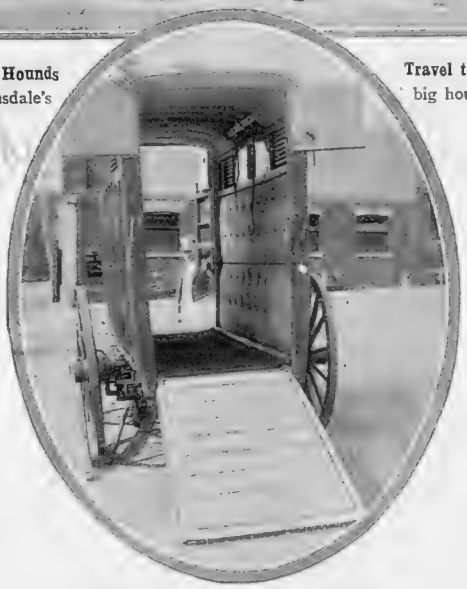
hunting at all. Already there is great trouble in many countries to make up the very reasonable amounts which are guaranteed to the Masters. And some Hunts could not be suitably carried on unless their Masters dipped heavily into their own pockets in order to defray expenses which should properly fall on all followers in fair proportion. Recently many M.F.H.'s have been hit by the super-taxes and the rest. It seems clear that if hunting is to maintain its prosperity riders to hounds must be prepared to pay more for the immense privileges they enjoy. It is obvious that expenses are going up, poultry claims increase enormously, and the cost of coping with the wire nuisance is also a serious item. The Master of one of the most famous packs in the Midland district gave me to understand a few weeks ago that he would be unable to carry on the hounds much longer unless their followers came forward with more adequate subscriptions. "Many men," complains another M.F.H., "think nothing of giving 120 gns. for a hunter, but if asked for a 'fiver' to the covert fund at once say they can't afford it."



Photograph *Leonard Willoughby*

How the Cottesmore Hounds
The Earl of Lonsdale's

Travel to Distant Meets
big hound van



Lord Lonsdale's Horse Ambulance
This thickly padded and serviceable conveyance is a humane item in the splendid equipment of the Cottesmore Hunt. Notice how the horse may be taken from the ambulance without being backed out

The Season With the Quorn

With the Quorn the first Monday of November is the opening day, and wet or fine there will be the usual tremendous muster at Kirby Gate. The crowds sure to gather at the opening meets during the next few days will indicate the widespread interest which foxhunting excites. Somewhere in his nature the average Britisher has a love for horse and hound. He may have no chance himself of foxhunting, but his imagination will be warmly kindled by the sight of hounds and their red-coated followers, and he will tramp or drive many a mile in the hope of seeing hounds send their fox into the open. The Quorn look like holding their own among the Midland packs. There is no greater "trier" than Captain Frank Forester, and no man who spares himself less in endeavouring to uphold the traditions of his position. To see him riding splendidly to his hounds, keeping his end up against the boldest and best of his field, one finds it hard to realise that more than twenty years have slipped away since he first hunted foxhounds.

Cottesmore and Other Packs

Lord Lonsdale will probably conform to custom by opening the Cottesmore regular season at Greetham Inn, and no pack in the Midlands will be better drilled or in harder condition. They have magnificent woodlands for cubhunting, and the Master and his huntsman have made the most of their advantages this autumn. Lord Lonsdale takes a pride in mounting his hunt servants in princely style, and his stud of hunt horses, mainly chestnuts, is probably the finest of its kind. The whole Cottesmore equipment, indeed, is splendid, two examples being the hound van and the ambulance van which are illustrated on this page. I expect the neighbouring pack, Mr. Fernie's, will open the season at Gumley, and the Pytchley, Belvoir, and the Grafton will be at their usual appointments next week.

Monmouthshire Masters

It is not easy to double the parts of His Majesty's Minister at Christiania and the Mastership of the Monmouthshire Foxhounds, but Sir Arthur Herbert fills both positions successfully. The task in Monmouthshire is considerably lightened for him by Mr. Ferdinand Hanbury, whose photograph will be found on the preceding page. The son of a former popular Master of the pack, Mr. Hanbury is acting as Joint Master with Sir Arthur Herbert this season, but the chief duties of the Hunt will devolve entirely on him during his partner's prolonged absences in Norway. As a riding country, that covered by the Monmouthshire Hounds has very few superiors outside of Leicestershire. Fully three-quarters of it is grass, practically no trouble is caused by wire, and the pack frequently runs seven or eight miles without touching any large wood.

A. W. C.

The Bystander Abroad

German Royalty at the Hunt

Left to Right: The Crown Princess, Prince Eitel Friedrich, and the Crown Prince at the Court Hunt at Döberitz, near Berlin

PARIS IN DECLINE: A DIPLOMATIC LAMENT

THE terms "diplomatic centre" and "news centre" are apt to become confused. There was a time—and that not very long ago—when Paris was both the diplomatic centre and news centre of the world. Now it can claim neither one nor the other distinction.

No Continental correspondent would dream nowadays of depending on Paris for news. Paris is notoriously a tributary of London in this respect, as we saw in the recent Portuguese Revolution, when the bulk of the telegraphic information was sent *viâ* England. The explanation of this is the thrift which has to be exercised in newspaper offices in Paris. There are so few advertisements that newspaper proprietors depend almost entirely on their circulation for profit, and this does not permit of their having telegrams from Continental capitals. So the *Echo de Paris*, for example, has an arrangement with the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Matin* with the *Times*, to telephone their telegrams to them in Paris.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Fairfax Cartwright, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G.

British Ambassador at Vienna since 1908. As is shown in the accompanying article, Vienna is now the diplomatic centre on the Continent, and Sir Fairfax's post is necessarily one of exceeding importance

Plagues of Paris

Another reason, it seems to me, why Paris has fallen into the background, is the difficulty of working there. Nobody but a newspaper correspondent who has had to put up with the badly organised telephone, telegraph, and post services knows how much time is wasted. Added to this, who knows when the whole city may not suddenly be plunged into darkness, when its train service may stop, or the postal officials go on strike? Imagine important telegrams from Constantinople passing *viâ* Paris, where one has had the uncomfortable experience of entrusting MSS. to the most friendly looking passenger travelling to London. For a short time, *Le Temps* and the *Times* made Berlin their centre. But since then the Bosnian annexation has taken place, and with it the rise of Vienna, which seems likely to be for some time the Continental centre of Europe. It will be remembered that THE BYSTANDER'S Special Correspondent pointed this out from the Balkans during the time of the annexation of Bosnia.

Lord Salisbury's Prestige

As a diplomatic centre Paris takes about third or fourth rank. When the late Lord Salisbury was Foreign Minister, the very personal and individual attitude he took towards foreign policy enabled him to dominate not only the foreign policy of his own country, but the British Foreign Office came to be regarded as the dominant factor in the direction of international politics. As he dealt with the Powers direct, British Ambassadors became little more than figure-heads, and British diplomacy has never quite

recovered from having been reduced to its minimum of importance.

A Debt to Delcassé

When M. Delcassé came on the scene, and through the *entente* policy became first Foreign Minister in Europe, Paris was easily first. The late Edward VII. never lost an opportunity of discussing matters with M. Delcassé. It was then, too, that Russia wanted money from France, and Delcassé used the French purse and dictated his own terms. M. Pichon has also adopted this policy with Turkey, but he has not had M. Delcassé's skill in dealing with the matter. Just as Lord Salisbury's great individuality and knowledge took London into the front rank of diplomacy, so M. Delcassé's individuality and intelligence took France into the front rank. England and Russia were then the two great rivals; France balanced them.

Vienna the Centre

The diplomatic prosperity of Paris, however, was not of very long duration. The Morocco fiasco discredited both Delcassé and Bülow, the two great rivals in Europe, and then followed a short period of chaos almost, during which time M. Isvolsky came out first. Count Aehrenthal was the next to arrive, and attained the strong position which he still holds. At the time of the Bosnian annexation he was spoken of as the "Austrian Bismarck"—time has shown that that appellation is justified. Under Aehrenthal's direction the Triple Alliance has become greater than it ever was before. Germany, with no strong man at her head, has transferred her Foreign Office to the Ballplatz, and Vienna is now the diplomatic centre of the Continent.

A Warning to the Foreign Office

I do not believe that we in England have followed the rise of Vienna as a diplomatic centre, nor are we aware of the delicate questions which will have to be dealt with in the Austrian capital. When the late Edward VII. was alive, Paris was the diplomatic centre, and a clever Ambassador was not essential. King Edward was his own Ambassador, and, as I said before, discussed politics with M. Delcassé himself. The French Government is more awake. M. Pichon sees the enormous importance of having a strong man at Constantinople, and now at Vienna. For that reason he is recalling M. Philippe Crozier, the present Ambassador, whose handsome appearance and fine drawing-room manners are not all that is necessary to deal with complicated situations. The British Ambassador, Sir Fairfax Cartwright, is credited with being a clever diplomatist and a man of much knowledge and culture. He is terribly handicapped, however, as his sight has now almost gone. It seems difficult—almost impossible—for an Ambassador who is absolutely dependant on his ears, to do himself or his country justice. *It will be a great danger to England if she neglects to pay attention to the supremacy of Vienna.*

An English Influence in the East: The New King of Siam

He is only twenty-nine years of age, and is a cultured, able young man. He received practically the whole of his education in England, at Sandhurst and Oxford, and is a great admirer of this country

A New Railway

In a few days from this, yet another of those huge steel links which bind together the heterogeneous mass that we call Paris will be ready for its duty. I refer to the *Nord-Sud Métropolitain* railway, which is to join the south-western quarters with that warm heart of the city which is Montmartre. The line is laid, the stations all prepared for passengers, and now the commencement of traffic only waits on the official visit of the authorities to certify that all is right. Meanwhile, as a regular passenger by the "Métro," may I voice a little grievance which I know I am not alone in feeling. Why, oh, *why*, when the contract for the platform seats on all the stations was given to Messrs. Allez Frères, were benches having backs not ordered? One sits down to wait for one's train, leans back instinctively, and—finding no supporting rail—receives a jar from which one does not recover for at least five minutes. I don't at all know how much extra cost would have been involved by putting rails to all those forms; but I do know that there is a big brigade of us tired folk who would have willingly contributed our mite towards it.

"Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect"

—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*

SCHIDKRANT, BERLIN'S MOST EMINENT ACTOR, IN THE NEW AND GREAT SUCCESS, "DER SCHATTEN" (THE SHADOW), BY LENGYIL, AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, BERLIN

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"COUNT HANNIBAL" AT THE NEW THEATRE

THIS play is mostly about the well-known and justly celebrated Massacre of the Huguenots. The massacre takes place off the stage, but you can hear the cries and the scuffling, so that you have at least the satisfying feeling that the thing is being done thoroughly, anyway. Still, you can't keep up a massacre for an entire evening just to amuse the sportive spirits in the audience; and so we will now introduce Count Hannibal de Tavannes, who is one of the fine old swashbuckling crew of whose adventures the public never tire. The Count is a kind of Petruchio in so far as he resolves to marry against her will the fair Clotilde of Vrillac. When the play opens the young lady is receiving attentions from another gentleman, who is called Tignonville on the programme for short, although it transpires during the play that he is not only a nobleman, but has a Christian name as well. Nobody, however, seems to think very much of Tignonville, and if the fair Clotilde had not pleaded for his life, he would have been blotted out before the play was half over.

Mr. Heggie is one of the most promising actors of the younger school. He recently appeared as Nelson in a little play (*The Admiral Speaks*, by W. P. Drury) produced at an Alhambra matinée in aid of the Balaclava survivors

THAT'S what makes the play so perplexing. Clotilde never gives up her lover voluntarily. As soon as the massacre is positively about to begin, Hannibal comes into the house where the lovers are, and says that as they are Huguenots they and their servants will, of course, have to be polished off with the rest; but he will keep Clotilde for himself, as he has taken a fancy to her. He is a fine, rough soldier, and he speaks his mind with a consistent directness. Clotilde, by her superb courage, manages to get Hannibal to amend his first programme to the extent of including the marriage service in it; and after that she lays down the condition that the lives of those about her must be spared before she will consent to become the Count's wife. All this while Tignonville does practically nothing except to fret and to fume. When Clotilde suggests that she would rather die with him than marry Hannibal, the rough soldier tells them they have but to show themselves at the open window, and death will shortly afterwards ensue. Tignonville is none too ready to stand at the window; indeed, Clotilde has been there for the best part of a minute before he can make up his mind to stand beside her; and even then he does it with a very wary eye for anything in the shape of a missile that may be coming his way.

AND so they were married. That is, Hannibal and Clotilde. As soon as the ceremony is over Hannibal says that he will master his wife with either a kiss or a blow, just as she prefers. In her usual haughty and defiant way, Clotilde says that she would rather have a blow from him, any day. Of course, she doesn't think that he is a man of his word; but that is her mistake. Hannibal draws his leather gauntlet from his girdle with calm deliberation, and says it shall be as she wishes; and then he gives her a slap on the face with it that can be heard all over the house. I once read an article in a magazine in which the writer said that wives would be a good deal less difficult to manage if they were knocked downstairs occasionally; and I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he is right. Anyhow, Clotilde is a good deal more respectful after the slap; so that there would seem to be something to be said for the baculine argument when kind words have failed to get in their grip.

AS we know, in plays of this sort, the wife that is won by force usually ends by becoming very affectionate and contented, which only goes to show that most women really do not know what is good for them. A little later on in the play a band of Huguenots call upon Hannibal with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, and they gather outside his chamber door for the purpose. In most plays, at this juncture the hero usually rushes out and hews his assailants down in two minutes with his own good right arm. But Hannibal is a strategist as well as a fighter. At the first alarm he makes a rope of his

The Asches in a Huguenot Drama

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

bedclothes and slides out of window to get help. I cannot blame him, as I should probably have done the same myself. As a matter of fact, Hannibal could not very well rush at his enemies and kill them all, because among them is Tignonville, who is wanted in the next act. Tignonville is quite a maze of contradictions. At one moment he is a gallant hero, and at another we catch him trying to stab in the back the man who has saved him from the murderous mob. He follows Hannibal and Clotilde round on their honeymoon with a quite unwarranted persistence, and even in the last act sends a message to Clotilde to ask if she needs his help. By this time, however, Clotilde has the grace to reply that she can manage her husband without outside assistance, thank you. And as her husband has just been brought in from an untidy fight, with several wounds and a broken limb or two, she is probably correct. Mr. Oscar Asche makes a quite convincing Count Hannibal; whilst Miss Lily Brayton is, of course, very charming and admirable as the fair Clotilde. The fault of the play is that the characters are drawn with too hesitating a hand, a defect that is especially noticeable in the case of Tignonville, a part which even so fine an actor as Mr. Ben Webster could not grasp very satisfactorily. Mr. Webster's best chance comes in the second act, where he fights a very lively duel with Mr. Asche, both fighters being armed with sword and dagger, so as to make it more exciting. It is quite in keeping with the inconsequential spirit of the play that even this stirring scene should end in a sort of anti-climax, Tignonville being knocked out by a blow from the hilt of his opponent's sword, instead of being properly skewered through like a gentleman.

Sketched at the Queen's Theatre

"MRS. SKEFFINGTON"

AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

THIS play is called an episode. It very nearly became a scandal. It is the rather familiar story of the woman who, unknown to her husband, goes for a motor drive with a male friend. Naturally enough, the motor breaks down in a remote village, far away from telegraphic facilities, and all communication with the outer world is impossible. Mrs. Thynne would not have minded it so much if her husband, Colonel Thynne, had not been so unreasonably jealous of her friend, Major Skeffington, and she is foolish enough to account for her absence from home by explaining to him on her return that she has spent the night with friends in London. Also, as she feared that the landlady of the inn at which she stayed might regard her as improper, she gave her name as "Mrs. Skeffington." Attention has already been called to the fact that oh! what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive, and the tangled web is in the play all right.

Sketched at the Queen's Theatre

MAJOR SKEFFINGTON and the lady are recognised by a young Oxford undergraduate, who promptly writes up to his brother in barracks to say that "old Skeff" has got married on the sly; and on the Major's return to his quarters there are liberal congratulations. The Major takes one or two of his friends into his confidence in order to find a way out of the difficulty, and finally Kathleen, the sister of one of his chums, offers to pose as his wife for the few hours that she has at her disposal before returning home. This naturally leads up to any number of amusing complications, which, if not altogether new to us, are at least treated freshly and in an original spirit. The triumph of the play belongs to Miss Beryl Faber, who is quite delightful as the improvised "wife." JINGLE.

"Good People All, I Claim Your Kind Attention"

MR. H. G. PÉLISSIER, CHIEF OF THE "FOLLIES"

THE "FOLLIES" OPENING CHORUS

Bring your fr'ends to see the "Follies,"
Wheel 'em round on trucks and trolleys,
Come on Daimlers or on Bollées,
We are never slow.
So winsome Flo's and dimp'ed Dollies
Stamp your feet and wave your brolies,
Ce'tain cure for melancholies
Is our Pierrot Show

BEFORE THE CURTAIN AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

By R. G. Mathews

"The Moon . . . Unveil'd her Peerless Light, a

Photographic Study by

FISHING IN THE TRACK OF T

d o'er the Dark her Silver Mantle Threw"—MILTON

HE MOON ON THE ZUIDER ZEE

H. W. Nicholls

A BYSTANDER in CANADA

Canoeing on One of the Many Lakes in the Algonquin National Park, Canada
The Park is a magnificent natural forest reserve, and is dedicated to the preservation of all kinds of game

VII.—IN A CANOE ON THE FRENCH RIVER

IN Toronto I met a friend, and he said, "Come and catch maskinongés on the French River." I did not know where the French River was, or what maskinongés were, but I said "Yes," being tired of cities—even of Canadian cities—and we took the night train from Toronto, and at 4.30 a.m. dropped off the train on to a bridge that spanned a biggish river, the dawn being exceedingly cool and grey.

Literally, we dropped off the train, for it did not stop, but only slowed down, and after us the nigger porter dropped out bags and tackle. A minute later the train had vanished, and we were left alone on the bridge, staring at the rocky, fir-clad cliffs that rose on each side of a river. Presently we became aware of a big wooden shack standing on a crag some quarter of a mile down stream, with a dozen canoes moored below; and presently, luckily for us, someone in the shack became aware of us—standing there shivering on the bridge—and put out in an old boat fitted up with a motor to fetch us.

Half an hour later we were enjoying breakfast inside the shack, which is really an hotel, kept by a Mr. Fenton, of Pickerel, for the use of anyone who wishes to go fishing or shooting on the French River. For four dollars a day Mr. Fenton will supply anyone with a canoe, an Indian guide, a tent, and provisions, and—so to speak—two hundred miles of first-class fishing—mainly for bass and maskinongé. He supplied us.

Our Indian's name was Bill, and he was a young, reserved man, who paddled us on the average for eight hours, cooked three meals excellently, and set up the tent in an incredibly short time each day. When we caught fish, Bill laughed; when we didn't, he stared into space. But he laughed pretty often, for we caught a good many fish. I rather fancy that is unavoidable on the French River. I wonder how many Englishmen know anything about the French River? Americans know it. They come fishing up it in fair numbers earlier in the year, and they come hunting later—for deer and partridge and caribou. The partridge shooting is said to be some of the finest in Canada.

The early French explorers also knew the French River, for it was by this route that they first found their way to Lake Huron, when, by reason of Bill's ancestors being out on the warpath, they found Lake Ontario blocked against them. The scenery of the river, says Baedeker, is highly picturesque; and he could hardly say less. It is a great river, winding always through wood and rock, sometimes narrowing to rapids, sometimes widening to over a mile across and divided into channels by steep islands. Rock and wood and water make up the scenery, but it is always a different scenery. Sometimes the banks rise in sheer stone a hundred feet, sometimes they climb in terraces, or in strewn boulders. Sometimes the firs predominate, sometimes the birches, green still, these latter, or yellowing in the fall. Then a splash of cherry-colour or crimson shows a maple on its way to winter. And there are reedy back-waters, where the great pike lie; and falls under which the rock-bass wait; and deep pools holding pickerel and cat-fish. Everywhere there is an air that exhilarates, and in some of the wider reaches we met a wind like a sea-wind, that put the river in waves and set the water rippling into the bows of the canoe.

Mostly we trolled, six or seven miles up the river from Pickerel, using an artificial minnow or double spoon, which latter seemed to attract pike, bass, and pickerel, though the last, like the cat-fish, preferred a worm. However, it is a dull fish, not worth the catching. The cat-fish is—a six-pounder being very strenuous indeed—but, as an American we met remarked, you would have to shut your eyes before you could eat it. Certainly it is one of the most grotesque and hideous of fresh-water fish, having four slimy tendrils growing from the side of its mouth, with pigs' eyes between. The bass is a fine fighter, and we got them up to four pounds; and if it is not low to mention such a thing in connection with so sporting a

Canada's Great National Park

ALLURING VIEWS OF A TWO-MILLION ACRE RESERVE

Trout-Fishing in One of the Lovely Brooks in Algonquin National Park

Cache Lake, One of 1,200 Lakes and Rivers in Algonquin National Park

That reckless waste usually follows in the wake of super-abundance, and want on both, was a truth to which the Canadian Government awoke five or six years ago, in regard to the future of her forests and fauna. Her subsequent action for their preservation was probably quickened by observation of her neighbour over the border, whose forests have been recklessly destroyed, and the once abundant bison almost exterminated. As a result, the Algonquin National Park, a magnificent natural forest reserve of 2,000,000 acres, was dedicated to the preservation of fish, game, birds, and fur-bearing animals

beast, you know that when you've got one, you've also got a glorious supper. Those suppers over the camp-fire—which Bill could set roaring within three minutes, so much timber and touch-wood lies everywhere—what would one not give to enjoy a similar one in England? It can be done, I suppose, but artificially, whereas here you are in the wilds as they were from the beginning—except that the Indian instead of cooking the white man is cooking for the white man. And then one's bed on a couch of fir-boughs, with the wind rustling through the birches, and the soothing sound of Bill stretched at the foot of the tent spitting gently into the night. It was a soothing sound until I woke one night to find that Bill had drawn the flap to, and closed the tent, but was still spitting—I do not know whither.

Camping Out on the Shores of Canada's National Park

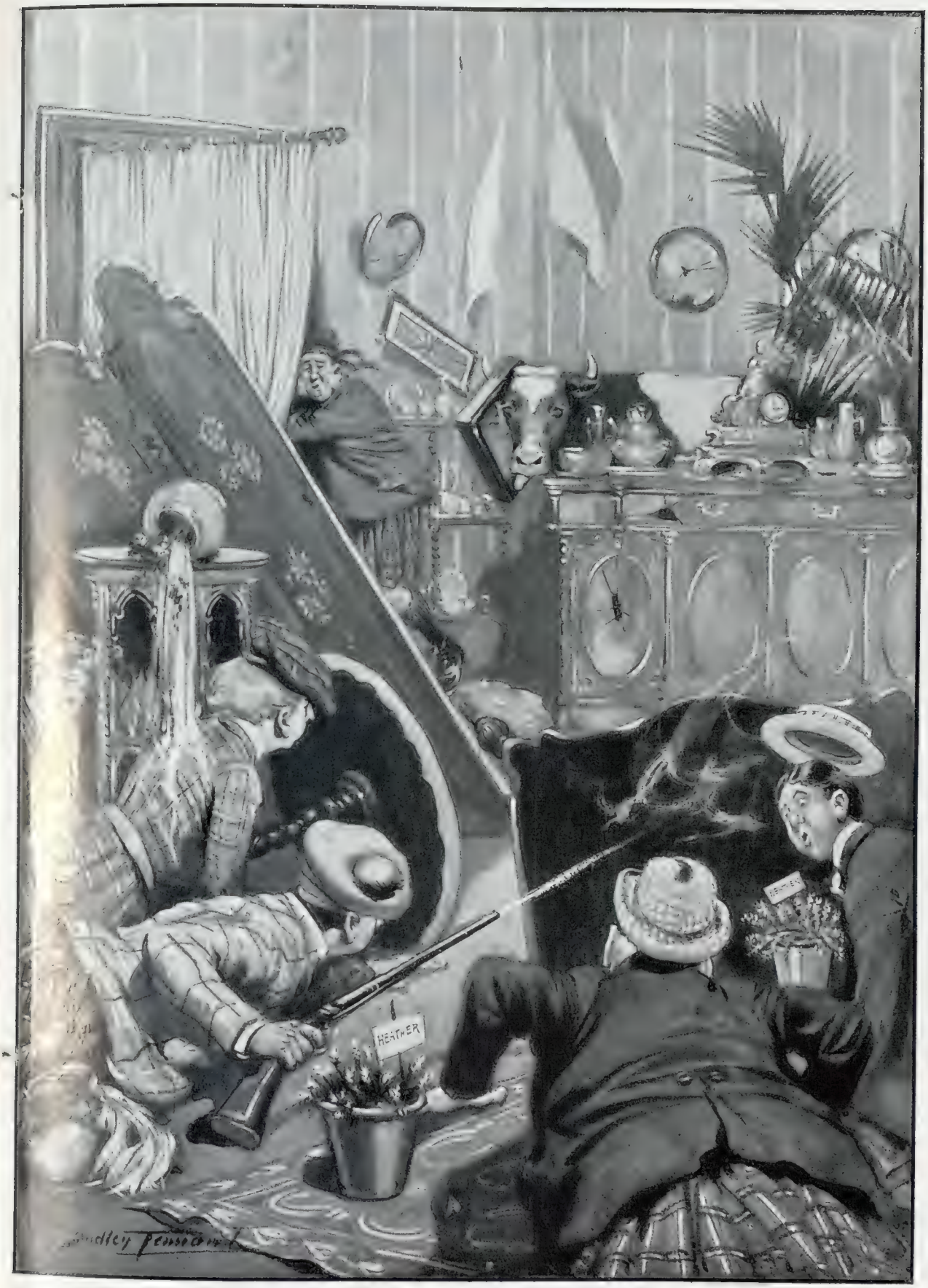
The Algonquin Park is Canada's great game reserve and covers two million acres. The Reservation is named after the great Indian tribe which once possessed the land

Four days we spent on the French River, and our catch averaged over 12lb. a day. It would have been much more if we had gone mainly after bass and the other fish, and had taken no photographs. As it was, we took a good many photographs, and spent most of our time trying to allure the maskinongé. It is the king fish of these waters—a sort of pike, but a pike with the leaping powers of a salmon and the heart of a tiger. Bill would madden us with tales of how the last people he had guided had caught twenty in three days. We fished and fished, and then I—trolling with a spoon—hooked one. We saw him almost at once take a great white leap thirty yards from the canoe. Then Bill paddled gently for the nearest shore at which one could land him, and I played him with care.

Oh! my maskinongé, never to be mine. . . . I got him to the bank—a nice flat piece of rock with a gentle slope to the water. Perhaps he was not more than fifteen pounds. Bill said not. But, then, Bill it was that lost him. . . . And, anyway, fifteen pounds is fifteen pounds, even if they do run to forty. Yes, it was Bill that lost him, I stick to that . . . though the truth is we had been stupid enough to come out without a gaff. Therefore, though I drew him ever so gingerly to our rock, it came about that when Bill made a lunge at him to get him up, my maskinongé leaped and broke the line. There for a second he lay, dazed, in the shallow water; then woke up and vanished, spoon and all.

Bill declared that the line was too weak; but what line would stand it? Never mind. Some day, perhaps, I shall go back to the French River. For fifty pounds a man could get there from England, spend three weeks in fishing, and go back again—a five weeks' trip—and know, maybe, the best August and September of his life. Yes, I hope to go back and catch a maskinongé and listen once more to the wind in the birches, and go to sleep again to the sound of Bill spitting—I trust into the night. R. E. V.

Outdoor Hobbies for the Home



NO. IV.—DEER-STALKING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

BY DUDLEY TENNANT

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

Lady Sophie Scott
Wife of Sir Samuel Scott, Joint Master of the Grafton

Westbury Manor, Northants
Residence of Sir Samuel Scott, Bt., M.P., Joint Master of the Grafton

No. XVIII.
THE GRAFTON

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

Mrs. Charles McNeill
Wife of the Joint Master of the Grafton

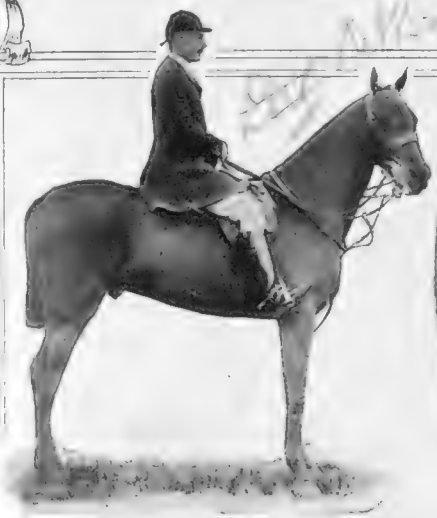
WHEN Sir Samuel Scott joined Mr. McNeill in the Mastership of the Grafton Hounds, a very fortunate and propitious arrangement was arrived at by the Hunt Committee. Mr. McNeill, who followed Lord Southampton as Master, then had Batchelor hunting hounds two of the days in the week, but, when the latter went to the Ledbury, Sir Samuel Scott joined Mr. McNeill, and since that time Mr. McNeill has hunted both packs himself, and with great success. The position of a Master of Hounds nowadays is scarcely a sinecure in any country, and to be *personâ grata* with all is a somewhat difficult accomplishment. However, with Sir Samuel Scott as Field-Master and Mr. McNeill hunting hounds, the Grafton have a happy combination. As a result, owing to these gentlemen's tact and good sportsmanlike qualities, and the support so loyally accorded them by a strong committee, of which Lord Penrhyn is chairman, affairs just now are particularly rosy.

It is not for me to write here the history of the Hunt or to go into details of how the fourth Duke of Grafton—one of the greatest sportsmen of his time—kept hounds in 1790 kennelled at Wakefield Lawn. I could, indeed, were space allowed me, tell of how these famous hounds hunted large portions of Whittlebury Forest, which extended then to Enfield and Barnet, forty miles away, and the adjoining lands stretching towards the Pytchley country. It was a vast tract over which the Duke hunted. He maintained his pack entirely, and kept them strictly private for his friends and tenantry. The fifth Duke continued like his predecessor until 1842, when he handed over the country to his kinsman, Lord Southampton, a man who gave his very life up to foxhunting, and who reigned over the pack for twenty years in the most brilliant style and at his own expense. Such hounds, such horses were never before seen, for he would have nothing but the very best of everything, and only what suited him. Hounds were bred for *work*, and no faulty one ever saw the inside of the kennels. As a result, Lord Southampton's hounds, as they were then called, were a magnificent pack.

It is hard to whip off without saying more of his Mastership or that of Lord Penrhyn's, for sport was at its best when Beers was huntsman, and this period from 1882 to 1891 will ever be a memorable one in the annals of hunting. Other Masters there have been, and all have striven in their various ways to show sport with more or less success, though I cannot but feel that it was a fortunate day for the Hunt that saw the advent of Mr. McNeill. His reputation as a huntsman, a rider, and a judge of hounds is public knowledge, and I feel certain, from my own observation, it would be hard to get a better Master or one keener on hunting a fox to death than he is. But however good he may be, his skill would still be unavailing unless he were ably supported by a strong man at his back in the shape of the Field-Master, and this is just where Sir Samuel Scott is invaluable. This, I am certain, Mr. McNeill fully appreciates, for he is able to devote his entire attention in the field to his hounds, who, indeed, appear to be part and parcel of their huntsman. Mr. McNeill's cheery voice, enthusiasm, and the hounds' complete confidence in him have a great deal to do with the keenness of his pack. It is quite wonderful to see the affection hounds have for him, and the way they come to his horn. This speaks volumes for a huntsman.

At Paulerspury with the Grafton

The Grafton Kennels at Paulerspury: The Stud-Groom's House and Hunt Stables are Seen in the Distance



Mr. Charles McNeill, Huntsman and Joint Master of the Grafton

Sir Samuel Scott, Field-Master and Joint Master of the Grafton

Jack Scott, K.H. and Extra Huntsman of the Grafton

Mr. Charles McNeill (centre) and a Mixed Pack

The Grafton are a hard-driving pack, and persevere wonderfully on a cold scent. They are strong and, apparently, never tire. Belvoir blood predominates largely. There are fifty couples tattooed "G" in ear

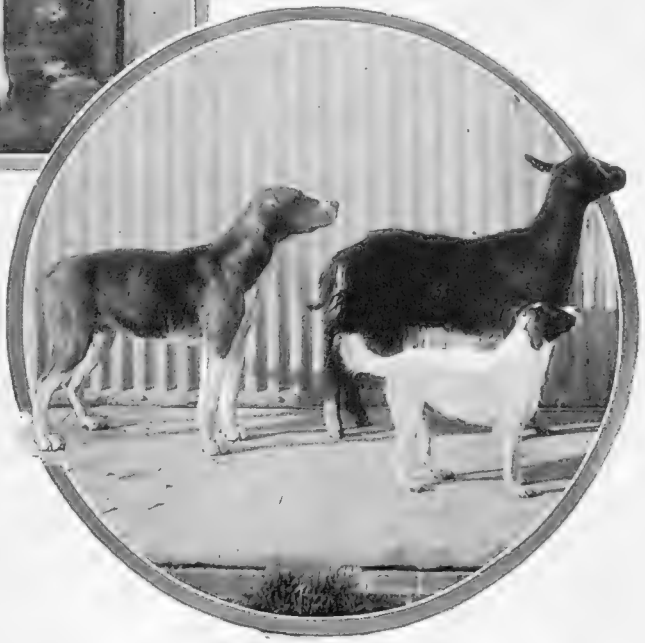
From what I have recently seen of the dog hounds, they appear to be a very useful and an exceedingly nice-coloured lot, while five or six of them are so good as to be worthy of notice by neighbouring Masters, who are seeking their blood. Belvoir blood predominates largely, and it is most interesting to note, in glancing over the pedigrees of some of the Belvoir sires used, that the strain reverts back directly to Grafton Woodman, a hound who was celebrated in his work and whose blood was widely sought after. In shape they are good coupled-up hounds and carry sufficient bone, which is carried right down. Their feet are compact, and they have good necks and nicely placed shoulders. In fact, they strike me as being a particularly workmanlike pack. The bitches are, if anything, on the small side, though eight or ten couple of the bigger ones which run with the dog hounds are really fine, upstanding, slashing hounds with immense bone, and from these I expect to see the dams of the future Grafton sires. As a whole, the Grafton are a tremendously hard-driving pack, and are very persevering on a cold scent, while they have great tongues, so necessary in this country of big woodlands. They are very stout hounds, and distances never seem to tire them.

"Their Master's Voice"

Some studies in expression among the Grafton hounds in kennel

The Hunt horses, too, are of a good class and certainly of high quality, suitable for this big country. The fences are of the strong stake and bound order, with big deep ditches and Grafton "bottoms," those well-known dangerous traps for the unwary stranger. Of the kennels at Paulerspury the less I say the better, for I do not like wooden and corrugated iron inflammable structures for hounds, nor is it good from a sanitary point of view, particularly in these days when there is such a virulent form of distemper all over England. The yards, however, are good, and there is good exercising ground, and the Hunt stables close by are substantial buildings.

The Grafton followers are particularly well mounted, mostly on very high-class animals, and are hard riders, especially one or two of the ladies, who live well with hounds when running over the fine open grasslands which border on the Pytchley and Bicester countries. When scent is good and hounds are running hard, fearless must be the rider and mounted on only the best and boldest of jumpers if he hopes to live with them or see any work. The foxes are, no doubt, really stout customers, which take some catching, and in the vast woodlands of the Grafton country they show excellent sport when well rattled. This Mr. McNeill—like John Peel of old—has been doing with marked success among the cubs, to the sound of his horn and the melodious cry of these fine hounds in the early autumn mornings.



The Grafton Goat

It is interesting to learn that a goat is the constant companion of the Grafton hounds. It is treated in the most friendly manner by them

Bystander Short Story

THE CHANGELING

By Muriel Hine

DYCE MESSAGER leaned back in the dusty carriage and surveyed his latest purchase with a whimsical smile as the little train puffed leisurely along the coast. Fastidiously neat, with his upright figure and keen, well-bred face, the wicker enormity that held his wardrobe seemed indeed incongruous. It was white, square, and solid, with a broad handle, securely strapped.

"Just the thing for taking fowls in to market," the young barrister decided, with a lingering appreciation of the porter's grin. "I can picture it propped on the ample lap of a Provençal peasant, betraying its occupant by a gentle clucking."

He lighted a smuggled cigar, that had escaped the eagle eye at the Customs, and the consciousness of this added to his content, banishing the traces of resentment that had lingered in his mind since the night before, when his friend's telegram had warned him of a week's unavoidable delay in the arrival of the yacht.

Never had Marseilles appeared so unattractive, and, bored by the prospect of six days of solitary inaction, he had hunted up the neighbourhood in a guide-book and decided to visit Martigues, eulogistically described as "the Venice of Provence and the Paradise of the Artist confraternity."

At the last moment, he had decided to leave his carefully packed portmanteau at the hotel, and a hurried descent on the nearest shop had resulted in the purchase of the wicker basket which was destined —had he but known it—to play no small a part in the week's adventure.

He was roughly disturbed by a sudden jerk of the train that sent him flying on to the opposite seat into a painfully close survey of his new treasure.

"Pas-des-Lanciers, I suppose," he continued as he picked himself up; but when he put his head out of the window, it was to find they were far from any civilisation, stranded among the rock-strewn hills, in a glare of chalk and emptiness, utterly devoid of life. It was an accident, it appeared, a breakdown on the engine's part. Literally translated, she "could no more." Here was a pretty state of things. Messager, cursing his luck, scrambled down upon the line, and joined the little group about the prostrate iron monster. The guard, true child of the South, took it with a smiling philosophy. They would have to wait for assistance. He shrugged his official shoulders with a non-committal air. "One could not estimate how long a delay," and Messager, with a rising irritation, decided to return to the shade of the stuffy carriage.

But as he passed along the bank, a head came out of the window adjoining his and brought the first touch of interest to the weary halt—the head of a young girl, innocent of hat, revealing the full beauty of her Southern hair, that glowing black where purple shadows hide; and her cheeks were the colour of a sun-kissed peach. As the young man paused at the sudden apparition, she glanced shyly down at him out of the softest, velvety eyes, and her mouth, red and childish, took a frightened downward curve as she screwed her courage to snapping-point and timidly demanded the reason for the delay.

Delighted at this proof of her confidence, he started to explain the position, but before he had completed his first sentence she had flung the door wide open, her black eyes round with horror, and prepared to alight.

"An accident!" she gasped. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" At the last invocation her foot slipped on the step, and, as he sprang to her assistance, the next moment she was literally in his arms. He steadied her on her feet with commendable promptitude, and she broke into incoherent apology, her last atom of control shattered by this double catastrophe.

To leap into a stranger's embrace! "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she wailed; "would that I had never left Martigues!" Her young shoulders, under the snowy kerchief that was folded across her round bosom, began to quiver ominously, and a big tear rolled down over her pretty face and fell with a splash on her clasped, brown hands. Messager, unnerved by the sight, stumbled into still more desperate French in his efforts at consolation.

"It's all right," said he; "for Heaven's sake, don't cry! *C'est toute à fait bien, pas de danger, comprenez?*"

She stole a glance at him from under the wet lashes.

"Come and sit on the bank," he suggested, "and watch for the new engine." He shouted the words at her in the popular method for brightening foreign wits—"ON THE BANK." She checked her sobs and glanced timidly around her.

"But . . . where, Monsieur?" Then, as he pointed towards the hedge, she gave a faint smile—"Sur le banc"—satisfactorily solved. After a minute's hesitation, she followed him demurely to the shelter of a solitary Judas tree, and they sat down

(All rights strictly reserved)

to await what he smilingly referred to as "*le gros machine.*"

As she spread out her coarse woollen skirt on the chalky rock he saw that her ankles were bare.

Bare, too, the little brown feet in the wooden sabots she wore, as bare as her dimpled arms where the short white sleeves turned back at the elbow.

And he forgot to regret Marseilles and the comfortable hotel; forgot even the treachery of his yachting friends in his contemplation of this delightful child of Nature.

Meanwhile, regaining confidence, she started to talk, shyly at first, then, as he questioned her about her beloved land, with increasing volubility.

"Monsieur had come from Marseilles?" She too. She had been there to market. "And Paris?—la, la, la, what a journey!—and Monsieur was English?"—she had known all along.

"How?" asked Messager, much amused. "Because I speak your tongue so well?"—he turned the laugh on himself—"I might have been German, you know?"

She made a little move of disgust, and protested swiftly, "Impossible! Monsieur would have his little joke. He was English patently—it jumped to the eyes." Besides . . . she *knew*.

His ready curiosity was aroused. "By my clothes, perhaps?"

"*Mais non.*" She shook her head provokingly. "It is my secret. Monsieur must guess."

Her white teeth flashed in the sunshine.

"Do tell me," he pleaded, piqued by her little air of mystery.

But at that moment a shrill whistle startled them, and the girl was on her feet with the grace of some wild creature of the woods.

"The train . . . " she gasped, and ran down the bank towards it.

For by some miracle the refractory engine had been coaxed into movement, and the pair had barely time to reach their respective carriages and scramble in before it started to move slowly ahead.

As Messager banged the door after her and sprang into his own adjoining compartment, he gave a hasty glance at his luggage.

Yes—there was the wicker basket, solid and countrified, with its broad handle and double band of straps.

He thrust his head out of the window just as the girl, actuated by the same motive, peeped out of hers.

"You all right?" he cried, as she blushed and smiled. "You *might* tell me the secret," he glanced ahead; "there's a tunnel coming—so be quick."

She put her hands up to her mouth and shouted back to him as the train began to increase in speed.

"I heard you . . . as you came along the bank . . . it was the English word."

"The English word!" his perplexity increased.

"The word of anger! *I* know! Marie, my own cousin in Marseilles, she married an English sailor, and he said it—*and* his friend—and now Monsieur."

She shook her pretty head with a fine air of wisdom.

Then as the tunnel yawned before them and he made one last appeal, with a laughing glance she threw it back to him.

"*Grèce . . . cotte!*" she cried.

And the darkness swallowed them up.

* * * * *

Everyone expected Messager to marry Lady Beatrice Sussex. It would be so appropriate. And it was this very unanimity of opinion that caused the young man himself to postpone the inevitable day. With a secret flaw in his British orthodoxy that led him at intervals into a mild Bohemianism the mere fact of the foregone conclusion jarred upon him. He had been very near the fatal speech that winter at the annual Hunt Ball. He remembered the distinct sensation of relief when she had mentioned her approaching departure for the Riviera, and he had caught himself in hand again with the knowledge of a respite. She was "motorin' somewhere"; that was all he had gathered, and when he mentioned his yachting trip South, and added politely a hope that they might meet, he had never considered it in the light of a likely event.

So that when he stepped out of the train at Martigues, tired and dusty, with the market-basket on his arm, and found the little platform deserted save for two ladies muffled to the eyes, he was vastly taken aback when the taller one exclaimed through the folds of her motor-veil—

"Dyce Messager!"

"My dear Lady Beatrice!" He shuffled his unwieldy burden to his left arm and shook the slender hand outstretched to him.

"What a small world it is!"

A stout man in goggles bustled up from the booking-office.

"This is Pratt's train all right—here's her ticket. I'll see to the luggage."

Lady Beatrice introduced her friends, "Captain and Mrs. Monteith," and added—

"We're motorin', you know, to Avignon."

She gave Messager a quick glance as he suddenly raised his hat, but stifled the inclination to turn her head. Through the station-gate a pair of sabots clicked and a last glow of sunshine played on a glossy head as it hurried down the hill.

"We've got the car outside," said Mrs. Montieth; "we're sending the luggage by train with the maid. Are you staying here?"

Before he had time to reply, Lady Beatrice broke in with her soft, drawling voice.

"Oh, you *can't* stay at Martigues—it's a dreadful place, really—the hotels . . . !"

She gave a little shrug of disgust.

"I'm a wanderer on the face of the earth," said Messager sadly. "I've been very badly treated."

He proceeded to enlighten them whilst Captain Monteith fussed around the luggage-van, and issued ceaseless and contradictory orders to the bewildered maid.

His wife was watching her friend's face, trying in vain to catch her eye.

"Messager?" she repeated the name to herself. Of course, that *was* the man.

"You'd better come with us," she suggested pleasantly.

Messager protested. It would crowd the car.

A cold wind swirled up from the sea, and the town below looked grey and inhospitable. After his lonely journey from home it was pleasant to hear a familiar voice.

(*Continued on page 246*)

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE" BRAND

(Continued from page 244)

"Do come," said Lady Beatrice gently. "There's plenty of room; we get to Avignon in time for dinner."

"I've no clothes," Messager said with a last regretful memory of the well-packed portmanteau at Marseilles. "Only this." He pointed to the wicker basket, and a little pause followed.

"What is it?" said Lady Beatrice curiously. "It can't be . . . a dog?"

Her voice was hopeful, and all would yet have been well had not a sudden spirit of mischief prompted the young man.

Mrs. Monteith had joined her husband to give a parting order to the harassed "Pratt," and the pair were virtually alone.

"I don't mind telling you," said Messager confidentially; "it's a fowl—a Cochin-china, I believe."

Then, as he saw the girl's bewildered face—

"I do so hate these foreign breakfasts," he explained, "and this way, you know, I get a fresh egg sometimes."

He enjoyed to the full the polite blankness of her expression.

"If you can put up with my—er, 'pet,' I shall be delighted to come," he concluded.

She gave the wicker basket a little look of horror.

"It's not my car," she volunteered, and her voice was somewhat cool. "I daresay there'll be room."

"Room!" said the owner, bustling up as the train puffed out noisily; "there's room for a regiment, you come and see—it's a new model Panhard, goes like smoke!" He hurried Messager off hospitably. "Delighted to have you—a *partie carrée's* far better—in fact, Elkins—know Elkins?—tall chap—in the Blues? Well, he only left us at Marseilles. Here it is—you can put your baggage there—travelling light, I see—capital, capital!"

And a few minutes later the big car was pounding over the three bridges at Martigues and out into the open country beyond.

Monteith drove, with his wife beside him.

"It makes me less nervous," she explained to the young people in the tonneau, and into her husband's ear, she whispered,—

"He's the man, you know—Lord Falconer's nephew—I'm *so* glad—it's quite time Beatrice settled down."

They descended at the first big hotel in Avignon, glad to find clean, well-lighted rooms after their Martigues experiences.

As the door closed behind the chambermaid and the welcome can of hot water Messager unstrapped the basket and dived down for his sponge-bag.

"Good Lord!"

He sprang back with a cry, for his numbed fingers had encountered something warm and soft; something that moved at his touch.

And the next moment, with a vast flutter of ruffled feathers, a sleek head peered out of the basket, with red comb and wicked, inquiring eyes, and "Cluck, cluck, *cluck!*" said the Cochin-china hen.

Messager sat down on the bed and stared at it—too astonished even to laugh.

When he had recovered his wits sufficiently to reason he came to the conclusion that in their hurried descent to the train, on that far-away Southern bank, he and his pretty little peasant friend must have changed compartments, and also, perforce, their luggage; and in a flash he realised that he had no sponge-bag, no razor, no soap even to wash with—only a large and very ruffled Cochin-china hen!

What on earth was he to do?

The sound of a silk skirt rustling past his door goaded him to action.

He forced the peering head gently down in the roomy basket and, strapping it securely, he made his toilet as best he could and joined his friends in the long salle-à-manger.

But all through dinner, between the steady flow of small-talk, the question kept cropping up.

And the memory of his joke at Martigues haunted him with an unpleasant significance. He had said the basket contained a Cochin-china hen, and—*hey presto!*—the miracle was accomplished!

* * * * *

He awoke next morning with a sense of something wrong; a monotonous reiteration of sound that rendered sleep impossible.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, CLUCK!"

"Cluck, cluck!" Memory returned to him with crushing force. It was the Cochin-china hen saluting the early morn. He stretched out a sleepy hand for his watch, and, realising it was but six o'clock, turned over again, wooing oblivion.

But in vain! "Cluck, cluck, CLUCK!"

Remembering the bag of corn he had purchased overnight, together with a few toilet necessaries, he rose in desperation, opened the wicker basket somewhat gingerly and poured in a lavish breakfast.

But a sleek head shot up, and something pitiful in the anxious, furtive eyes stirred in him a feeling of compunction. "Poor brute!" he said. "Come out, then," and threw the lid well back.

The Cochin-china rose to her feet and, after a preliminary stretch—first one long yellow leg, then the other—balanced herself heavily on the plaited border.

The basket was full of hay, and something white gleamed in the centre of the impromptu nest and riveted the young man's attention.

"By Jove!" said Messager, and throwing his head back, he laughed aloud.

For there was his breakfast egg.

The fowl paced about anxiously, peering from side to side.

When she came to his water-jug an idea struck her host, and he poured out a little in the soap-dish.

She drank feverishly, and again he felt remorseful at the sight.

"You shall go home to-day," he told her; "we'll return to Martigues together, you and I, and look for your pretty mistress. I expect she's in a fine flutter over the other basket."

The sunshine was pouring into his room, and it seemed absurd to go back to bed, so dressing leisurely he again imprisoned the bird and went downstairs.

In the hall a slight figure rose at his approach, and he saw with surprise that it was Lady Beatrice herself.

"Good morning," she said plaintively. "I couldn't sleep, so I got up. There was a dog barking and then—some fowls somewhere."

She shot him an inquiring glance out of her pale blue eyes, but—guiltily—he avoided the subject.

"I'm so sorry—but delighted to find you up. Do come out—it's such a lovely morning."

(Continued on page 248)

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(Continued from page 246)

Then, as she hesitated, "Why, you've got your hat on already."

"I *must* fetch my gloves." She looked at her white hands anxiously, and a sudden memory rose in his mind of two little brown feet, bare, in their native sabots!

The contrast amused him, and it was in his happiest mood that he guided her up the long street until they came to the square, with the wreath-decked mint facing the mighty stronghold of the Popes.

They climbed the steps to the fast-closed Cathedral above, and the exercise brought a faint colour to the girl's pale, aristocratic face, and when they emerged on the higher level and the whole vast view lay stretched out before them, for all her wonted listlessness, she could not control a little "Oh!" of wonder and admiration.

The air, crisp and honeyed with the sunshine, went to Messager's head, and the quick fancy came to him that now was the time and place for the words that had to be said; and before the impulse could pass he had turned to his companion and taken her hands swiftly in his own.

"Beatrice," he said, and his voice, which should have been tender, had something triumphant in it instead, as though he had fought with himself and gained the victory!

"You know what I am going to ask? Could there be a more beautiful setting to our love?"

Despite himself, inspiration failed, and he went on, a trifle huskily.

"Will you marry me, Beatrice?"

But to his utter surprise, she drew her hands away.

"I'm so sorry," she answered smoothly, "so very sorry, Mr. Messager—you cannot imagine how much I like and—and respect you"—she chose her words carefully, her delicate face averted—"I am afraid I cannot help giving you pain, but it is better to be honest—and my answer must be—'no.'"

He was so utterly taken aback that he nearly whistled; and that impulse alone opened his eyes to the fact that his first tangible sensation was relief rather than chagrin.

A wild sense of exhilaration swept over him at the thought, but in deference to the girl before him he bent his head, his face very grave.

"Then there is nothing more for me to do than to bow to your decision," he told her quietly; and now the girl in her turn looked surprised.

This resignation was clearly unforeseen; the flat absence of emotion somewhat confusing. They walked back home together in an uncomfortable silence, and Messager retired to his room, ostensibly to pack. When he reflected upon the excuse, it appeared to him as the last humorous touch to the situation; for all he had to pack was the Cochin-china hen! He went down into the hall after breakfast to pay his bill.

He had written a note to Mrs. Monteith, gauging her shrewdness to read between the lines, and had made up his mind to be off at once with the wicker basket for Martigues.

But when he entered the little bureau and asked for the proprietor the clerk in charge left him in solitary occupation, and at the same moment he heard a rustle of skirts in the hall without and realised that Mrs. Monteith and his companion of the morning had unconsciously cut off his retreat.

Their first words filled him with apprehension.

"I can't help it, Judy. It's no good saying 'everyone expected it!' After all, one doesn't marry for other people, one marries for oneself."

It was Lady Beatrice, vastly aggrieved, and Messager, disgusted at playing the spy, looked round vainly for escape.

"Well, my dear, it's no affair of mine. Only I thought you cared for the man, and it really would have been . . ." the elder woman sighed, "*so* appropriate."

"I entirely disagree."

Dignity strove with temper in the girl's clear voice.

"I fail to see anything appropriate in a husband who keeps pet fowls in his room!"

Despite herself Mrs. Monteith laughed.

"He was always known to be original," said she soothingly; "and I daresay you could have broken him of the habit in time."

"I should have broken him of a good many habits," said the other, severely.

Messager shuddered at the thought.

The cold young voice went on.

"I have a horror of eccentricity. You can never tell into what it may develop. I am sure I have acted wisely—and you know"—she leaned forward towards her friend impressively—"it really was a fowl, Judy, in that basket. It was not a joke at all—my room was above, you see, and I heard it—this morning, ever so early—*clucking!*"

A whole volume of tragedy lay in the word, and Messager choked.

Thank Heaven, he was out of it all!

* * * * *

"*Elle a mangé beaucoup, assui bu*," said Messager in his best French.

The exchange had been effected; for the café in the square had been easy to find, and Rosine's joy at the sight of the Cochin-china had amply repaid him for the anxieties attendant on the Changeling.

"Mon Dieu! but she is fat; she does Monsieur credit, one sees that with half an eye. And Monsieur's basket, it is safe—not a thing touched! Monsieur can picture to himself my surprise when I looked inside!"

"Not half as great as mine," laughed Messager, and he proceeded to recount his adventures for the benefit of the "patron" and his wife, to their genuine delight.

"And Monsieur stays in Martigues?"

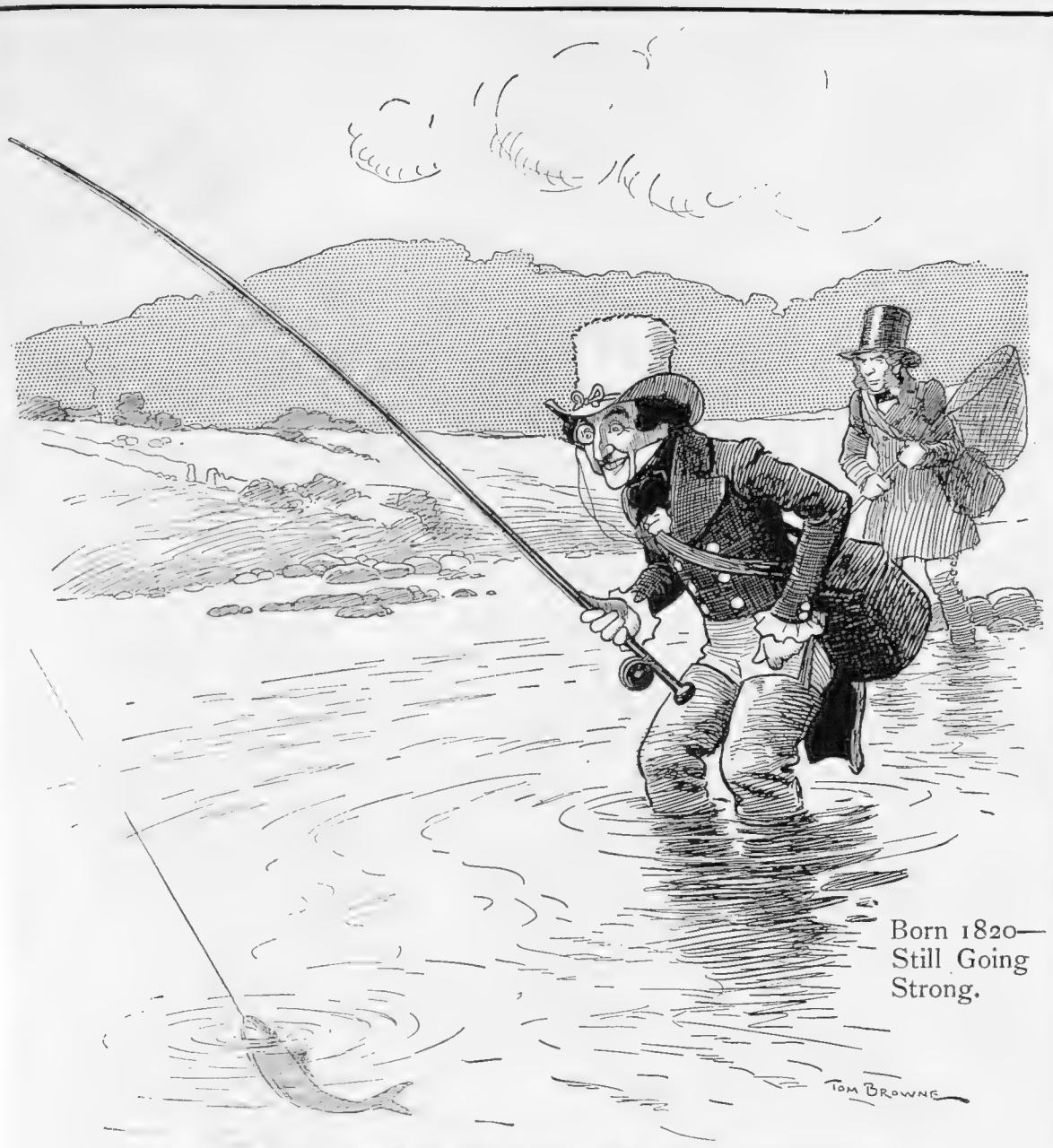
The brown eyes met his own trustfully with just that shadowy hint of coquetry that betrayed the Southern blood. "He should indeed see the town and the churches and the bridges that the artists love—and the big sea where they fish for 'moules.'"

Messager's eyes twinkled as he recognised the old refrain.

"I shall certainly stay," said he, smiling down into the pretty, excited face under its glossy crown of blue-black hair.

"I couldn't lose sight of my Changeling as soon as all that. *Grèce—cotte*, no!" he decided.

MURIEL HINE.



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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

The Nobel Pippin: An Award

Two American ladies, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, have recently published personal volumes. They can hardly be called memoirs; though under that heading they will be classified in the next edition of Dr. Hagburg Wright's wonderful "Subject Index of the London Library." Were I in the position of some Idalian shepherd and asked to award a sort of Nobel pippin of literature, as it might be called in America, to one of these graceful writers, it would be to Mrs. Pennell; for her book, *Our House* (Fisher Unwin: 4*s.* 6*d.*), is a work of art and a work of literature. That of Mrs. O'Connor, entitled *I Myself* (Methuen: 12*s.* 6*d.*), is merely small talk about very small people and smaller talk about some of the tall ones. Yet Mrs. Pennell writes about her housekeepers and other servants; her cats and her flats; the day of small things. Mrs. O'Connor introduces us to literary, dramatic, political, and artistic society. To read her volume is like standing out a private view of the Academy from ten till six. Everyone is there, or nearly everyone, even real Society, always a little unreal in books of memoirs. There is a valuable index—"Mrs. Byles, 258"; "Beerbohm, Max, 203-4, 290-3"; "Cody, Colonel, 27-8, 191"; "Robinson, Mr., 94"; "Ibsen, H., 230"; "Jack the Ripper, 214"; "St. Helier, see Jeune"; "Friendship, Thoughts On, 149-51." A fortnight ago Captain Harry Graham gave in the *Graphic*, a rather deadly receipt, or recipe, for writing memoirs which Mrs. O'Connor ought to have seen before her book was prepared for the press. *I Myself*, however, contains nothing scandalous or unkind. It is one of the books which disarm criticism in three hundred and forty-seven pages—a rather long process of disarmament.

The Tact of Recollection

People who lead uneventful lives, Richard Jeffries and Gilbert White, of Selbourne, for instance, have often a great deal to say about themselves. Then the artless narratives of those who are very much in "the movement" are much more readable than pompous and official biographies. Such were those of Marie Baskkirtseff and Miss Ellen Terry. Mrs. O'Connor, alas! was so absorbed by the dazzling variety of her Private Views that she can never make us realise a single personality, even her own. Conscious herself of this defect, she fills up spaces with inapposite quotations and trivial correspondence. There is a long extract from Thackeray's *Newcomes*—the preparation for a compliment to Mr. Justin M'Carthy! "Dear Justin, Dear Thackeray. It is for these recollections I once made a journey to Blackheath." The trip was superfluous. Some mild protest must be entered at the use of a quotation on page 189. Mrs. O'Connor is relating the last moments of George Augustus Sala. "When he realised his loss he wept bitterly, saying, 'My Children, My Children—my books; my dear books, that were my children. Give them back to me. Give them back to me.' He wailed out this cry all through the night, and never fully recovered again.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent his midnight hours
Weeping and wailing for the morrow,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

It reads as if Sala spent the night reciting those lines. As a matter of fact, the version was not published till long after Sala's death. Of course, it is a pious quotation of Mrs. O'Connor's. Another small point—was William Black a friend of Burne-Jones, "whom I met only once"? He denounced Burne-Jones and all his works when the present writer met him at the late Walter Besant's on one occasion. Again, the stained-glass window in Rottingdean Church was executed by Morris from Burne-Jones's design, not by Henry Holiday, "that distinguished artist."

"Our House"

Mrs. Pennell supplies no index. The headings of her chapters betray the modest material of her art—"Enrietter"; "Trimmer"; "Louise"; "Clementine." They are dynasties, not of Pharaohs, fair women and brave men, but of domestics. I know they hardly sound so attractive as Mrs. O'Connor's visiting-list of brilliant friends, though they are just as historical and far more real than "Lady St. Helier, see Jeune." Reading Mrs. Pennell's book is like seeing a gallery of Chardins or some choice collection of Dutch pictures by Rembrandt, Ver Meer, or the little masters. Different men of letters and artists, Whistler, Phil May, Stevenson, R.A.M., the great Joseph himself, Harold Frederic, and W. E. Henley, are seen like the cavaliers in a background of Terborch—gallant figures superbly articulated with the loving precision of a miniature. In the foreground is "William Penn," and William Penn is merely a cat. You are reminded often of Henley's "greater masters of the commonplace."

Trimmer

Trimmer is surely immortal. She has passed into literature. The death of that faithful old servant is much more moving than the death of Mr. George Augustus Sala, as related by Mrs. O'Connor; though there is nothing intrinsically

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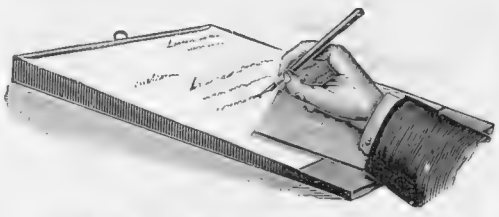

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less pathetic in the demise of a journalist. *Our House* is every man's or every woman's, even if they do not live in Adelphi Terrace; and cannot see Bernard Shaw combing his hair from their windows. When Mrs. O'Connor goes with Pinkie to Fairyland again she must bring back some fairy stories—true fairy stories like those of Mrs. Pennell. We want no more Sumphiana such as "Beerbohm Tree and his wife were there. She wore a picture-gown of cream lace and a Gainsborough hat, and he was most agreeable and likeable."

His Only Rival

I was once being shown by a painter some of his own pictures which I did not particularly admire. In that cowardly way common to all of us, I sought refuge in praising his earlier works; one of them, I observed, was his masterpiece. But the coward has his reward, and this provoked one of the subtlest pieces of criticism I ever heard. "An artist's only serious rival is his early work," said the painter, irritably. Mr. Maurice Hewlett's book, *Rest Harrow* (Macmillan: 6*s.*), reminds me of the incident. His only rivals are his early works. At one time it looked as if he were going to fulfil that prophecy of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton about the "Renascence of Wonder," so ardently hailed by the late William Sharp, a Renascence which never came off, but relapsed into a Reformation, as the renascence of anything is apt to do. You saw what was coming in *Richard, Yea and Nay*, when Mr. Hewlett's mediævals began to talk Meredith. That was a style that always made me thirsty, not for more, but for actual drink. All romantic writers from Scott have their own Wardour Street. Since Scott, Mr. Hewlett's was much the best—far better than the prose romances of William Morris. He did not desert Wardour Street; he simply pulled it down and rebuilt, deciding that it was better for the present generation to enjoy a new Hewlett than another Walter Scott. He was probably right. I have a sneaking weakness, of course, for the early work, but *Rest Harrow* has much more relation to modernity. It has shocked the *Spectator*, and that is not the least of its merits. It is an absorbing novel and a piece of English literature.

"The Winter Queen"

I have a strong prejudice against historical works served up in the form of romances. History is sufficiently inaccurate. Even the historical novel I find rather a bore. I detest Dumas. Then illogically enough, I adore Scott. *Esmond* is to me tedious; *Salambo* one of the great books of the world. History should consist of dry facts, or what the historian honestly believes to be facts. Herodotus was really the last of the historians. I hate historians who think instead of recording. My opinion of *The Winter Queen*, a romance by Marie Hay (Constable: 12*s.* 6*d.*), is not worth very much after such admissions. Nevertheless, I will place it among the exceptions, illustrating, not proving, the rule. I don't know enough of the period to say whether it is good history, but it is delightful and exciting reading. Not everyone can talk about the hackneyed Stuarts; even the less exploited Elizabeth, Electress Palatine, Queen of Bohemia. But the author of this book is a scholar, whose equipment for the task is manifest. Her keen dramatic sense, combined with a brilliant narrative power, made the temptation of interweaving romance and history irresistible. Tacitus—I think it is Tacitus—in recording the portents heralding some Cæsar's death, says, "*Bos locutus est in Apulia.*" Miss Hay's imaginary conversations are, at all events, more probable, or more historical.

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The Proprietors of the Grenville Hotel have acquired the Shooting Rights over the Tamar Lake—75 acres—covered with wild fowl in Winter; also about 600 acres of excellent snipe, ground and rough shooting, partridge, pheasants, plover, and woodcock.

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The Tetcott Foxhounds hunt in the immediate neighbourhood, several other good packs in the vicinity. Foxes plentiful this year, excellent sport assured; mild climate during Winter, exceptionally favourable to hunting at Bude.

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Write Manager, MR. H. LINK *(late of the "Cecil," London),* ***for Special Inclusive Winter Terms.***

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

Left to right: A. C. Green, J. H. B. Lockhart, B. S. Cumberlege, A. F. Botham, R. Fraser, C. L. Marburg, F. T. Mann, C. K. James, J. Sturgess, J. Greenwood, A. E. Kitching, J. A. Scholfield, V. H. M. Coates

The Cambridge University Rugger Team

Taken before the match with Guy's Hospital at Honor Oak Park last week, in which they were rather badly beaten. The two Fettesian Freshmen, Ovens and McCosh, who have been showing great promise at three-quarter back, both missed the train to London, and Cambridge consequently had to pick up two substitutes. It will be noticed that there are only fourteen men (including one of the substitutes) in our illustration

GOLF

The Hilton-Leitch Test Match

The great match between the Superman and the New Woman is now a matter of history. For years there has been a warm discussion as to the odds which a first-class amateur should give to a first-class lady player. Many have asserted that a third is the utmost that can be given, while another section, including Mr. Hilton, maintain that even at the odds of a half the male player should win. The question has never been definitely settled, but with the view of elucidating it, and, if possible, bringing it to a decision, a match of seventy-two holes was arranged between Miss Cecilia Leitch and Mr. Hilton at the odds of a half. Miss Leitch is, I believe, still just in her teens, and made an extremely favourable impression on the critics by her play in the Ladies' Championship at St. Andrews two years ago.

W. L. Ritchie (Walton Heath)

Winner of the Assistants' Tournament at Bushey. He is assistant to James Braid, and a worthy pupil of a great master. He was a good bit the best of those engaged

Points in Miss Leitch's Play

Though some may dispute the fact that she is the best lady golfer extant on the score that she has not yet won the Championship, yet there are certain factors in her play which make her more formidable than most ladies in a match of this sort, where the course is at full stretch from a male point of view. Though she may lack some of the accuracy of other ladies in her iron play, she has the great advantage of length and power with her wooden clubs, while her putting, though faulty in the long putts when I watched her at Walton Heath, is, I am told, as a rule a strong part of her equipment. She certainly holed most of the short putts, which are the bane of even the greatest male exponents. The match was played in two stages, the first thirty-six holes at Walton Heath and the last thirty-six at Sunningdale, two admirable courses for testing the relative merits of the protagonists.

A Wonderful Pull-up

I was able to see the Walton Heath part, but was, unfortunately, unable to see the finish at Sunningdale, where Miss Leitch covered herself with glory by pulling out of the fire and winning a match which, when there were but fifteen holes left to play, looked absolutely lost for her. It will give some idea of Miss Leitch's fine courage and determination when one notes that out of the next nine holes she actually won seven and halved the other two, thus turning her deficit of five into a surplus of two by the time the twelfth hole was reached, a really remarkable performance, more especially when it is remembered that there was half a gale of wind blowing. As my readers know, Miss Leitch eventually won the match by two and one to play, having started the final round four down.

The Match Analysed

Now, I do not wish for a moment to detract from the sterling merits of Miss Leitch's magnificent performance when I assert that the question which this match

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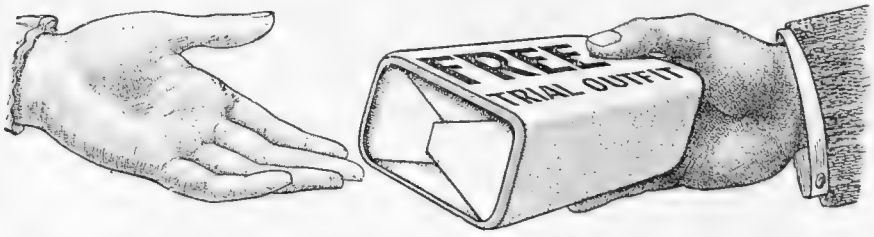

Everyone who has given a seven days' fair trial to Mr. Edwards' "Royal Secret" of hair beauty is simply astounded with the improvement it brings about in the growth and appearance of the hair. No part of the body grows so quickly under proper conditions as the hair, and that is why it is that a seven days' trial of the Free Harlene "Hair Drill" Outfit is sufficient to demonstrate to everyone how worthy of inclusion in the toilet is "Hair Drill." Mr. Edwards is giving away 100,000 of his Harlene "Hair-Drill" Outfits free of charge, and every reader who sends for one will receive it without cost

free of cost, this most useful and delightful gift-outfit for cultivating the strength, the beauty, the health, and the luxuriance of their hair.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF HAIR-WEAKNESS AND POVERTY.

Why is it that so many people possess such poor-in-quality hair?

Why are

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BALDNESS,	GREASY HAIR,
FALLING HAIR,	DRY, BRITTLE HAIR,
LUSTRELESS HAIR,	DISCOLOURED HAIR,
SCURF DEPOSITS,	DANDRUFF DUST,

such common complaints amongst both men and women?

Why?

Simply because people have not become acquainted with the true scientific method of caring for their hair.

They have not been told what the natural requirements of their hair are, and, not knowing this, they have not been able to cultivate it in luxuriance and loveliness day by day.

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That is to say, Mr. Edwards will send you by post, as a free gift:—

1. **A Bottle of that wonderful Hair-Tonic and Scalp Food—"Harlene-for-the-Hair"**—the most popular dressing for the hair that has ever been discovered—which will enable you to cultivate your hair every day for a week, according to the rules of the world-famous "Hair-Drill," full directions for which are enclosed.

2. **A Packet of the splendid "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for shampooing your hair and scalp at home.** This Shampoo Powder has the effect of thoroughly cleansing the scalp of all scurf and dandruff accumulations, and invigorating and strengthening the roots of the hair.

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I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to cover the cost of postage on package to my address to any part of the world.

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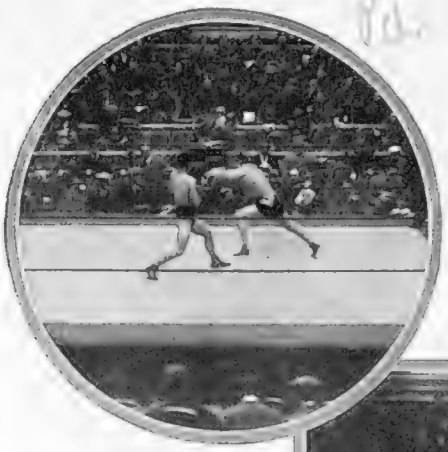
was to settle remains still unanswered. If we analyse the match and take it round by round we find that Mr. Hilton won the first round, halved the second, won the third, and only lost the last round. If we take it in two sections, then Mr. Hilton won at Walton Heath and lost at Sunningdale. I go further than this, and have no hesitation in saying that with less odds than a half Miss Leitch would have had no chance at all. In addition to this, Mr. Hilton's play was very uneven. He was admirable except in his putting in the morning at Walton Heath, but in the afternoon he actually took 48 to go out. He recovered in the home-coming. Much the same thing must have happened at Sunningdale, though, of course, the game put up by Miss Leitch in the last round was extremely difficult to hold. Mr. Hilton was fairlycaught napping, and the lady deserves all praise, but I think the odds, though heavy, are right, and that in a succession of matches, with both players steady and at their best, the lady would have the worst of the argument. Miss Leitch's style is powerful, but not pretty, and she has yet much to learn in the short game. She is physically a magnificent type of the modern girl, and is a splendid example of the fine effect of golf in producing the *mens sana in corpore sano*. ERNEST LEHMANN.

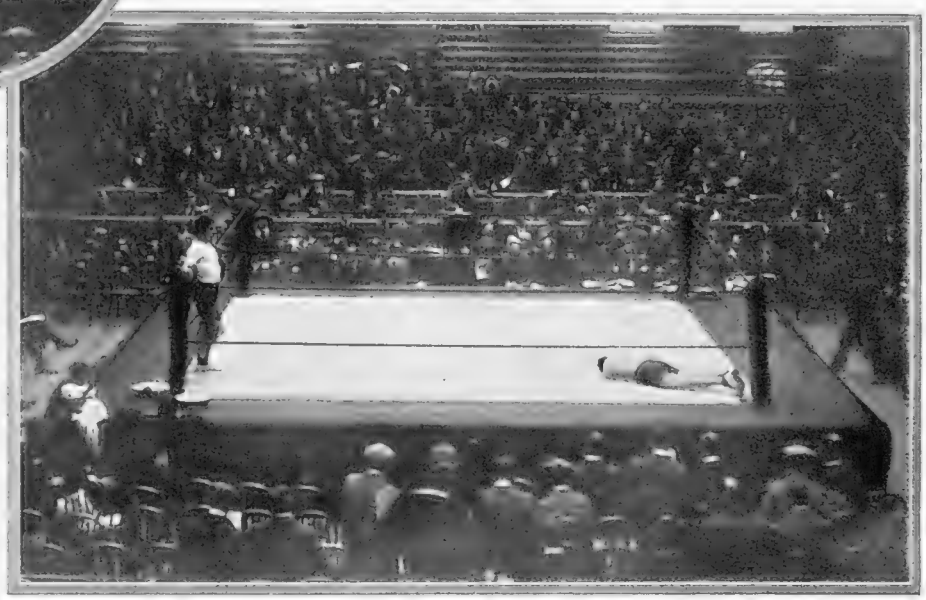


A Sparkling Set-to between a Sailor and a Soldier

BOXING

The Services

Quantity, rather than quality, was the dominant feature of the Army and Navy Championships at Aldershot last week. It is evident that the sport is very popular with all ranks in both Services, as was shown not only by the plethora of entries, but also by the crowds who came to look on, and it is, therefore, rather surprising that the fighting, as a whole—though there were some capital bouts now and again—did not reach a higher standard. There was a good deal of holding, too, and, unfortunately, it was not confined to the men. One bout between two officers had to be declared void because the combatants would persist in holding after being repeatedly cautioned, and, naturally, one looks to the officers first of all to set their subordinates a good example of the way in which the game ought to be played.



Photographs *Sport and General*

The Navy and Army Boxing Championships at Aldershot: A Knock-out

These competitions attracted large entries last week, and took several days to work through. The standard of the boxing, however, was not particularly high

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The Humbug of the F.A. Amateur Internationals

I am not surprised to find that the composition of the Amateur International Team selected by the Football Association to play Ireland on November 19 has evoked adverse criticism. It has been pointed out by a correspondent in the *Sportsman* that a full-back has been chosen to play right-half, and that an outside right forward has been chosen for an inside position. Surely, he argues, among the thousands of amateur clubs throughout the country which are said to be—"said to be" is distinctly delicious—affiliated to the Football Association, there must be many men who regularly play in these positions, and are competent to fill them; otherwise amateur football under F.A. jurisdiction must be in a pretty poor way.

Fostering a Fiction

The truth, of course, is that amateur football under F.A. jurisdiction *is* in a bad way. The powers that be on the F.A. Council care nothing for amateur football really. All they care about is the professional side of the game, which is the only form of the game which pays as a business proposition. The amateurs under their control are only an incubus which they daren't throw over, because they have to keep up the fiction that the F.A. is run purely in the interests of sport, and that the amateur footballers who have seceded from the F.A. and formed another Association of their own are ingrates, rebels, and all the rest of it. All these amateur international matches are really run by the F.A. as a sort of counterblast to the amateur internationals of the A.F.A. Nobody cares twopence about them. But they have to be arranged and played for the sake of appearances. However, people are evidently beginning to realise what a farce they are, and in the meanwhile the A.F.A. goes serenely on, gaining strength every day.

The Finish of the Cambridgeshire: Mr. E. A. Wigan's Christmas Daisy Winning the Race for the Second Year in Succession last Wednesday

RACING NOTIONS: Newbury.

By CARBINE

Mr. Sol Joel's Mistake—

If there is one ambition above all others on the Turf which Mr. Sol Joel, the millionaire, would wish to gratify, it is to win the Derby. And yet, for the sake of a mere £20—surely no appalling amount for a Rand plutocrat—he has thrown away the chance of a lifetime. Mr. Sol Joel might now be lucky enough to have in his stable the favourite for the Derby of 1911. But an extraordinary spasm of parsimony in the spring in the present year spoilt everything. The colt I refer to is St. Nat, the best two-year-old of the season so far as form has shown us. He was entered for the Derby all right, but in order to save further expense Mr. Joel struck him out of the race last March. The owner of St. Nat would give much now to be able to recall that unlucky decision. Presumably he was acting upon the advice of his trainer, yet it is hard to believe that St. Nat promised so badly in the spring as to deserve the ignominy of being taken out of the Derby, for his form on the racecourse has been extremely brilliant from the first. Whatever did influence Mr. Joel at the time, it was certainly a huge blunder, and if St. Nat trains on as well as he promises to do, his owner's feelings next Derby day will not be envied.

Christmas Daisy

Who has again won the Cambridgeshire for Mr. E. A. Wigan. Our picture was taken while he was being dressed for the walk home after the race

—And Lady Conyngham's

But Mr. Joel is not the only person now lamenting a lack of foresight. Lady Conyngham is another. She was the breeder of Seaforth, and it was up to her to give him the chance that every well-bred colt deserves by entering him for the Derby. For some reason she thought it not worth while to do so. The colt was sold as a yearling to Mr. Dermot McCalmont, who promptly entered him for the St. Leger and the Two Thousand Guineas, but it was all too late then for the Derby. That race had already closed. And so it comes about that neither St. Nat nor Seaforth, apparently the best colts of their age, will have a chance of placing his name on the scroll of Epsom heroes. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild or some other lucky owner will reap the benefit of the absence of Seaforth and St. Nat next Derby day.

The Cambridgeshire Coup

Hats off to Mr. W. B. Purefoy and his associates in the Druid's Lodge stable! Was ever a "good thing" more neatly kept than Christmas Daisy this year? Until a few hours before the race not a sign was given that the horse was expected to repeat last season's success. The money was kept back until the last possible moment, and then it was put down with such unmistakable firmness that the Ring must have smarted very badly as a result of the race. Mr. Purefoy's reputation as the astutest man on the Turf has been fairly won, and he is not likely to lose it if he works a Christmas Daisy *coup* now and again. What a bargain Messrs. Wigan, Cunliffe, and Purefoy made when they bought last week's winner from his Irish owner in the autumn of 1909. Two Cambridgeshires with Hackler's Pride was a great triumph, but to repeat it with Christmas Daisy was—well, one can say no more. Hats off to them, gentlemen!

Selections for Newbury

"Good things" so often come unstuck in racing that the prudent writer should never be too downright in expressing his opinions of the prospects of future events. There really does seem to be reason, however, for feeling confident that **Halcyon** will win the chief race at Newbury on Thursday, as he ran exceedingly well in the Cambridgeshire. On the same afternoon, **Buttery** may win the Reading Nursery, and **Tullibardine** the Theale Plate. On Wednesday **Eton Boy** is my selection for the November Nursery, and **Trau** for the Manton Welter. On Saturday **Carr Bridge** may win the Back End Stayers' Handicap at Lingfield.

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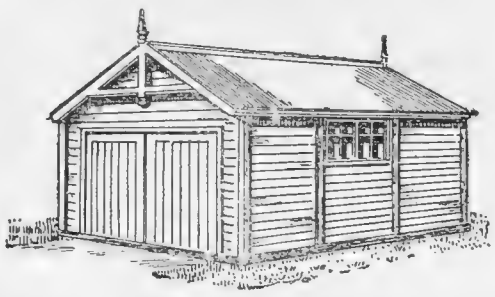

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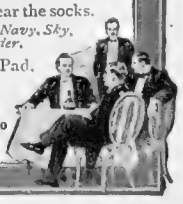

The Search After Sunshine

Southward Ho!

Fashion is a fool. I am convinced of that since I got "down South." I had spent several months, to say nothing of pounds, in search of just a little summer up in the North, and after an infinity of travel and trouble managed to discover just five fairly decent days—days on which one could bathe without a certainty of acquiring double pneumonia in the process, days when white ducks were not wholly farcical and there was just a slight excuse for a straw hat. I had, I say, conducted my researches in the North for no better reason than that Fashion tells me that once May is here, in the South I must not be. In future I will have nothing further to do with Fashion. The only real summer I have come across this year was in Nice in May last, and in Marseilles not very many days ago.

Summer in Marseilles

It was really summer in Marseilles, so much so that my ducks were by no means out of place. I was very glad of an opportunity to lunch out of doors. M. Cavasse, who has endowed Marseilles with its one really modern hotel in the shape of the Regina, assured me that the only complaint *he* had to make of the past summer was the almost entire absence of rain. Yes, it was really glorious weather in Marseilles, and the mosquitos seemed to have gone on holiday. One wonders, by the way, why it is that people never seem to spend any time in what is really a very beautiful and very interesting town. To my mind, Marseilles deserves a week's visit, anyhow. Its port alone will amuse one for a couple of days; and then there are no end of excursions, and the life at night is gay enough. I went into one restaurant at eight o'clock one evening, and was informed that proceedings never *began* till midnight! The one thing Marseilles wants badly is a first-class restaurant apart from the hotels. There is not a sign of such a thing to be found in the place.

The Costebelle (Hyères) Golf Course

Players and caddies on the seventeenth tee, with the club-house in the background

Golfing Activity at Hyères

From Marseilles I went on to Hyères, where I found M. Zick's famous Golf Hotel already open and Mr. Secretary Logan, of the Hyères Golf Club, hard at work on his links. When I got there they hadn't had one drop of rain in Hyères for over four months, and the course was rather crying out for the usual October downpour. But on the Costebelle Links, of which M. Peyron may really well be proud, I found that the grass had suffered much less than one would have expected from the prolonged drought. The club pavilion has been repainted, and very smart it looks, and the addition of a verandah is a great improvement. W. Freemantle is to be the "pro." this year, and Mr. Cyril Corbally, well known in the croquet world, the hon. secretary. They are expecting a big season at Hyères, and it looks as if they were going to have one.

Carnival Preparations at Nice

Nice is already showing signs of the beginning of the season. There are not many hotels open as yet, of course, but the Majestic takes down its shutters at the beginning of this month, and the Hotel de France (with its comfortable "Chatham" bar) has already got a few visitors. The Comité des Fêtes, with M. Pierre Gautier at their head, are already very busy with Carnival preparations, the fêtes this season being due to begin on February 16. The colours for the first big ball at the Casino are to be mimosa and cherry, while at the second dance pure white will alone be allowed. As regards the Carnival programme, it will be much the same as usual.

Golf, Tennis, and the Casino

Thanks to the admirable system of irrigation the links of the Nice Golf Club at Cagnes have scarcely suffered at all this summer, and play will begin so soon as the golfers arrive. There are already quite a few players at the tennis courts on the Place Mozart. Great alterations are being made in the Casino Municipal, which will be immensely improved. The smaller theatres will nearly all be open by the end of this month, as well as the Jetée Promenade.

A New Hotel for Cannes

Cannes is, of course, quite dead as yet. As usual, the links have suffered not a little by the dry summer, and most of the ground will have to be re-sown. But everything will be ready by the time the visitors begin to arrive. Mr. Ruhl's new Carlton Hotel, which is going to say the very last word in modernity, is making good progress, and will be quite ready by December.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 361.—Vol. XXVIII. Wednesday, November 2, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Within an hour North of Town.
GOLF. GRAVEL SOIL.

L. & N.W. RY. (an hour from London by express service).—To be LET, Unfurnished, at once, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, much modernised and improved, with LOVELY OLD GARDENS, beautifully timbered, of about 3 acres, and 30 acres of valuable meadow-land, which easily lets off. Good hall, double drawing room, morning room, dining room, business room or study opening to conservatory; excellent offices, servants' hall; 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, maid's room, and extensive cellars. Ground floor and best bedroom heated by radiators.

STABLING FOR 10 OR 12,

with laundry, coachman's and gardener's cottages. Farmery and numerous buildings. Hunting 6 days a week. The situation is high and healthy.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

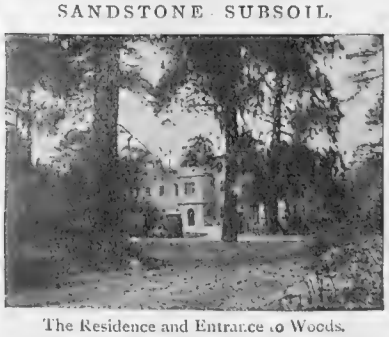
A CHOICE ABODE.
½ hour's motor drive of West End.

WIMBLEDON.—Noble RESIDENCE, with 4½ acres, first-class stabling and garage, and 2 cottages. On the crest of the hill, with South aspect and superb views, in supremely beautiful grounds, shaded by grand old trees. 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatories, 12 bedrooms, ground-floor kitchen, and servants' hall. Beautiful lawns, summer and winter lawn tennis courts, walled garden, and paddock. Main drainage, electric light, water, and gas. Heating system.

RENT, £400. ALSO FOR SALE.

—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, S.W., and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SANDSTONE SUBSOIL.



The Residence and Entrance to Woods.

750FT. UP. INVIGORATING AIR.

LEITH HILL AND DORKING (near church and post; 1½ hours by motor from Hyde Park Corner).—Attractive RESIDENCE, *in the heart of pine woods, within a mile of the top of Leith Hill, from whence one of the finest views in England is obtained.* Beautiful garden 3½ acres with old timber trees, tennis lawn, summer-house. Motor-house or stable. House contains: large lounge hall (36ft. by 18ft.) with oak panelling and handsome oak staircase, dining room (23ft. by 21ft.), drawing room (22ft. by 20ft.), library, and complete offices, secondary staircases, 2 large and 6 smaller bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms (h. and c.), 4 servants' bedrooms. Stands off direct line of traffic. Excellent roads. Good water supply. TO BE LET, FURNISHED, partially Furnished, or Unfurnished. In thorough repair. Rent moderate. Immediate possession.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HUNTING. GOLF. GRAVEL SOIL.
In a delightful position on outskirts of quaint village.
40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TWYFORD (near).—"SOUTHLAKE HOUSE," Waltham St. Lawrence.—Attractive Freehold GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in reposeful position, away from motor traffic. 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, servants' hall, 2 staircases, etc. Stabling for 5. Well-shaded pleasure

GROUNDS OF OVER 5 ACRES.

Beautiful ornamental and tennis lawns screened by verdant shrubberies; herbaceous borders, gravelled walks, heated greenhouse, kitchen gardens, thriving orchard, paddock.

HAMPTON AND SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on November 15 (unless previously disposed of).—Solicitors, Messrs. CROSSMAN, PRICHARD, CROSSMAN and BLOCK, 16, Theobald's Road, W.C. Details of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

£2,000 FREEHOLD.—Henley-on-Thames (near), in a picturesque, quiet village, close to the river and station. For SALE, or might be LET, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with a most delightful interior. Lounge hall, 2 reception, bath, and 9 bedrooms, 2 staircases, etc. Garden with tennis lawn. Main drainage and water supply.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FOR SALE WITH 5 OR 10 ACRES.

SURREY (40 minutes from City and West End; in a favourite part, close to 2 golf courses).—An attractive RESIDENCE,

600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL,

in a beautiful position, surrounded by lovely old grounds. Long carriage drive with lodge. 3 reception, *billiard*, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. Stabling, garage, and several useful outbuildings. *All modern comforts and conveniences.* Pretty grounds with tennis lawns, flower and kitchen gardens. Swimming bath, etc. More land can be had.—Personally known to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.
Grounds of 2 or 4 acres, perfectly matured.

RICHMOND PARK (practically adjoining, in delightfully secluded position, near railway station).—Unfurnished, modern Tudor-style RESIDENCE, with large entrance hall, 4 handsome reception (drawing room 30ft. by 25ft. 6in.), bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; ground-floor offices. Stabling for 4, coachman's quarters. Electric light, gas, Company's water. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, range of glass.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and High Street, Wimbledon Common.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL, WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

SEVENOAKS DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, the above well-built modern RESIDENCE, in perfect order, and commanding delightful views. It is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS.

Exceptionally good stabling for 6; model farmery and dairy, several cottages; the very beautiful grounds include full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, rose garden, and completely walled kitchen garden; rough shooting. The whole Property extends to about 100 acres.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,471)

A GENUINE XVITH CENTURY STONE-BUILT HOUSE.

SUSSEX (in a favourite part, near the centre of the county).—To be SOLD, this delightful old HOUSE, approached by a carriage drive about a ¼ mile in length.

The House is in perfect order throughout, and contains: fine lounge hall, dining room, boudoir, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good offices; petrol gas throughout; inexpensive pleasure grounds with grand old timber, ornamental water and island; stabling for 3 horses.

TOTAL AREA 27 ACRES.

—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,819)

BY DIRECTION OF SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as "THE CHANTRY," BISHOP'S STORTFORD,

comprising the charming old-world Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms and hall, 9 bed and dressing rooms, good offices; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's and coachman's cottages; the whole occupying an area of about 4 ACRES. To be OFFERED by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on November 8th next.—Illustrated particulars, with plans, can be obtained of Messrs. W. GEE and SON, Solicitors, Bishop's Stortford; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. G. E. SWORDER and SONS, Bishop's Stortford; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,761)

BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND MANCHESTER.
AMIDST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.
FINE MANSION. ELECTRIC LIGHT.
EXCELLENT TROUT AND GRAYLING FISHING.

TO BE SOLD, a valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of 1,140 ACRES, including the above modern Residence, seated in a beautifully timbered park, about 500ft. above sea level, and containing a noble suite of 8 reception rooms, 30 bedrooms and dressing rooms, ample offices; stabling for 12; delightful gardens and grounds; several excellent farms.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,056)

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

SURREY.—A compact FREEHOLD FARM, known as "COURT LEES," SOUTH GODSTONE (2½ miles from Godstone Station, S.E.R.), comprising, a really good HOUSE, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; with stabling for 5 horses, well-laid-out gardens, small orchard, farm-buildings, about 130 acres of meadow-land, 50 acres of sound arable land now in grass, and an ornamental wood of 5 acres, the total area being just over 185 ACRES. The property is bounded by good roads, and is intersected by a stream, and is about 1 hour from London Bridge, Cannon Street, and Charing Cross. Company's water is laid to within 400 yards of the north boundary. Tithe last year averaged only 1s. per acre. No land tax. The whole in good order. Date of AUCTION, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, at the Mart, E.C.—Particulars of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARD, BOWIE and Co., 7, King Street, Cheapside, E.C., or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"GALLOPS HOMESTEAD," DITCHLING, SUSSEX (2½ miles from Burgess Hill Station).—A delightfully quaint RESIDENCE, built chiefly of red brick and timber, with thatched roof, approached by a drive nearly a ¼ mile long.

The House contains: LARGE PANELLED LOUNGE HALL, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-rate offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house, 2 men's rooms, etc.; the gardens are most tastefully disposed, and include 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, pergolas, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; SMALL MODEL FARMERY, with cowsheds, pig-styes, etc., and 5-ROOMED COTTAGE, meadow and woodland, in all 54 ACRES. To be OFFERED by AUCTION on November 8th.—Illustrated particulars of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARREN, MURTON and MILLAR, 45, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

HISTORICAL WESTERN COUNTY CASTLE.—£6,500 WITH 23 ACRES, OR THE ESTATE OF 1,110 ACRES to be SOLD at a low price. The noble stone MANSION contains: lofty hall, a fine suite of reception rooms, some 20 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; large stabling and outbuildings. The grounds are finely timbered, and include tennis lawns, bowling green, Italian garden, etc.—Full particulars of Messrs. BRUTON, KNOWLES and Co., Gloucester; or of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,291)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10. MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

OXFORDSHIRE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE BORDERS.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE HEYTHROP HUNT (within easy reach of the Warwickshire and North Cotswold, 3 miles from Kingham, whence London is reached in 2 hours).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above genuine picturesque old TUDOR RESIDENCE, standing 450ft. above sea level, in a well-wooded, undulating park, ornamented by a lake. It contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, billiard room, about 22 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete offices, including dairy and laundry; stabling for upwards of 16 horses, coach-house, harness room; married man's accommodation, rooms for grooms, etc.; modern drainage, water by gravitation; finely timbered grounds with tennis and other lawns, large productive kitchen garden, orchard, glass-houses, etc.; 2 cottages; capital shooting over about 1,100 acres, including a fair proportion of covert; golf links 1 mile distant.—Full particulars, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,640)

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.

THE ABOVE CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE, near splendid golf links, to be SOLD at a moderate price. 2 miles from station, and commanding magnificent views; replete with modern comforts and conveniences; 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), 3 large reception rooms, lounge hall, ample offices with servants' hall; tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens; approached by private road, and immune from motor dust nuisance.—Particulars from a personal inspection of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,003)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Hunting with Lord Fitzhardinge's and the Duke of Beaufort's.

Within easy reach of famous golf links.

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE the above ATTRACTIVE FAMILY RESIDENCE, with grounds of 6 ACRES: 14 BED and DRESSING ROOMS, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 2; 5-roomed cottage; CHARMING GROUNDS, full-sized tennis lawn, productive kitchen garden, small orchard, and pasture-land. WITHIN EASY REACH OF GOOD TOWN and MAIN LINE STATION.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,698)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

£2,750 WILL PURCHASE a charming little PROPERTY in a favourite residential district in Suffolk, near good town. The House stands high and healthy, amidst well-timbered grounds, meadow and orchard of about 10 acres. Contains: hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5, etc.; fishing and golfing within easy distance.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,715)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Old-fashioned stone-built FAMILY HOUSE, with 144 acres of rich land. Price, £8,500. High situation, magnificent views; 2½ miles from main line station, same distance from well-known country town: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms; square hall, ample offices; pleasure-grounds, walled kitchen garden; hunting with 2 packs; golf links 1½ miles; shooting and fishing in district.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,714)

BURY ST. EDMUNDS (4 miles from).—The above genuine old GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE and about 100 ACRES for SALE at a reduced price, or would be LET, Unfurnished; grandly timbered surroundings, miniature park; stabling for 7, cottages, farm-buildings; old lawns and pleasure grounds, kitchen and fruit gardens: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms, billiard hall; near station; first-class hunting, shooting, and social district.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,735)

BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT (although only about 12 miles from London, 1 mile from station with excellent service of trains to the City and West End).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, gardens, woods, and grass lands of about 15 acres. Contains: handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard room, about 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; water laid on, modern drainage; good stabling and out-buildings. UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLACES OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,772)

NO. 19, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W.—MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE have been favoured with instructions to SELL, by PRIVATE TREATY, the CROWN LEASE, held for over 50 years at a nominal ground rent, of this very attractive and well-planned, medium-sized RESIDENCE; or, alternatively, if not previously SOLD, the Lease will be OFFERED for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on November 30 next.—Particulars, with orders to view, may be obtained of the Auctioneers at their offices, 10, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

EXCEPTIONAL GOLFING FACILITIES AND EASY DISTANCE OF SANDWICH LINKS.

THE ABOVE VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, standing high, amidst pretty grounds and gardens of about 2 acres; bracing situation, fine views: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; modern drainage; good water supply; small stabling, motor-house. Low price.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,263)

HERTS.

½-HOUR BY RAIL FROM MARYLEBONE OR BAKER STREET.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position, and commanding fine views over the Colne Valley. It stands high, and contains: hall, dining and drawing room, 7 bedrooms, sitting or bedroom, bath; double conservatory; well-equipped garage; complete installation of acetylene gas, telephone, modern drainage; splendid water supply; prettily timbered grounds of 1 acre; NEAR 2 GOLF LINKS.—Personally inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,705)

SURREY HILLS.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE will be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished on Lease. It is approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: entrance hall and inner hall (40ft. by 20ft.), 3 other spacious reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; ample stabling at a convenient distance from the Residence; gardener's cottage; beautiful old pleasure grounds, 2 tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, in all 15 ACRES; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, modern drainage; gravel and sand soil; additional land up to 90 acres by arrangement.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,536)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 2645 GERRARD } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

PRICE ONLY £1,150.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, the above GENUINE OLD BLACK AND WHITE RESIDENCE, renovated and thoroughly up to date. OLD OAK BEAMS AND WEALTH OF OLD OAK.

3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 attic rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2 horses; pretty grounds of 1½ ACRES. Price only £1,150.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—MAIN WATER. NO MOTOR DUST. MAIN DRAINAGE. Gentleman's COUNTRY COTTAGE, designed by well-known architect, having: 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); 400ft. above sea level; perfect v[illegible]; sandstone subsoil. Price, Freehold, with ¾ acre, £1,100; more land up to 13 acres if desired.—Apply, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 9,406)

£850.—**WINCHESTER** (near).—To be SOLD, an attractive little RESIDENCE, about 60 years old, with pretty garden of 1½ acres: 3 reception, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO COLONIALS AND OTHERS.

TORQUAY, DEVON.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, for 3, 6, 9, or 12 months, a[illegible] exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, containing: good entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 servants' rooms, bathroom, and good offices; stabling for 3, motor garage, gardener's cottage, pretty grounds, and gardens, 2 vineries, greenhouse, etc. Price, £2,500. Rent, £130.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A GREAT BARGAIN. Price reduced to £2,600.

SURREY HILLS (600ft. above sea level).—A charmingly situated RESIDENCE in secluded position, standing in WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF NEARLY 3 ACRES, with tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, orchard and paddock: 2 halls, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottage, and outbuildings. Price, £2,600, or with 1¾ acre, £2,150.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NEW FOREST (centre of).—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, within a few minutes of main line station and 2 hours of London: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; motor-house; GROUNDS OF ABOUT 2 ACRES, TENNIS LAWN, Etc.

—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£950.—**ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT.**—A charming little COTTAGE RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 2 acres: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, greenhouse, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HERTS (1 hour from London).—To be SOLD, MAGNIFICENT RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1,300 ACRES. LOVELY OLD MANSION, with large lounge hall (60ft. by 50ft.), very lofty dining room (35ft. by 25ft.), drawing room, library, billiard room, morning, smoking, and gun rooms, 23 bedrooms, bathroom. LODGE, DOWER HOUSE, ABOUT 20 COTTAGES.

Exceptionally good farm-buildings; good stabling.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A VERY CHEAP PROPERTY.

£1,800.—**L. and S.W. Ry.** (40 minutes from London).—A really attractive FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES, with tennis lawn, rose garden, and pergola, well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing, bath, etc.; gas and water laid on; gravel soil.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

HUNTING WHADDON CHASE, ETC.

L. & N.W.RY. (under mile from station, about 1 hour from Town).—This well-furnished, charming OLD MANOR HOUSE, with oak panelling, large fireplaces, etc.: 7 bed, 2 bath, 4 sitting rooms; stabling; well-timbered grounds. EXCEPTIONALLY LOW RENT ACCEPTED.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WINTER SPORTS AT NORWAY.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIANIA DISTRICT.—Exceptionally well-furnished RESIDENCE to LET for the Winter: 5 sitting, 9 bedrooms (12 beds), good offices; stabling and men's rooms; telephone; plate and linen left.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EASY MOTOR RUN OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

OWNER GOING ABROAD will LET his beautifully Furnished, bright, and cheerful RESIDENCE from Christmas until Easter: 14 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms; stabling; exceptionally well-sheltered grounds, with almost every variety of conifer. Low rent, including indoor servants, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HANTS.—To be LET, Furnished, for 6 months, well-appointed RESIDENCE: 14 bed, bath, 4 reception; stabling 6; handsomely timbered grounds; South aspect; dry soil; gas and telephone. Rent moderate.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,979)

OVERLOOKING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS.

HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the clubhouse: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

—Box K 4,748, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, a delightful old RESIDENCE, built round a small courtyard, and standing in 14 acres of fine old grounds. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; acetylene gas; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, and man's room; 2 cottages; the grounds include croquet lawn, fruit and flower gardens, and meadow-land.—Box K 4,845, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

55 MINUTES OF TOWN.

Occupying a high and entirely secluded position, on gravel soil, with beautiful views.

TO BE SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in the county. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; telephone; Company's water; main drainage; stabling for 6, men's rooms, farmery; the pleasure gardens and grounds extend to some 30 acres, and are well timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, woodland walks and parklike meadow-land; cottage.—Box K 4,799, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

530FT. ABOVE THE SEA, FACING SOUTH.

BUCKS (45 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, an artistic modern gabled RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position on the crest of a hill. The accommodation comprises: billiard, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage, with pit and chauffeur's 3-roomed cottage; the gardens extend to about 5 acres, are delightful in character and inexpensive to maintain; there are numerous woodland walks, wilderness garden, tennis court, etc.—Box K 4,844, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE which has only been in the possession of two families since the REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

50 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a delightful old HUNTING-BOX, occupying a pleasant position on gravel soil, and situated well away from all motor noise and dust. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, 21 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; acetylene gas; stabling for 7; the gardens extend to about 10 acres, and include full-sized tennis lawns, 2 walled kitchen gardens, orchard, and well-timbered, parklike meadow-land, in all about 70 ACRES: golf links 1½ miles distant; hunting 6 days a week.—Box K 3,806, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Box K 4,710, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

KENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, on annual tenancy, a charming COUNTRY HOUSE, situated in about 100 acres of undulating parklands, beautifully timbered and wooded, 2 miles from station and 43 miles from London. THE RESIDENCE is handsomely furnished and modernly fitted, containing: spacious dining, drawing, breakfast, and morning rooms, billiard room, library, and boudoir, 12 capital bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and w.c. THE DOMESTIC ACCOMMODATION is most adequate, comprising servants' hall, kitchen, butler's pantry, and a range of dry cellaring; acetylene gas throughout; also coach-house, stabling for 4, with man's room over, laundry, etc. THE GROUNDS are tastefully laid out with lawns and flower gardens, and there are well-stocked and productive kitchen garden, 4 glasshouses, and prettily situated fish ponds, with boat-house and boats; shooting over about 200 acres, 65 acres of which are capital cover; the sanitary arrangements are perfect, and there is an excellent supply of water.—Box KF 1,714, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

DELIGHTFUL SEASIDE RESIDENCE.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA (in best residential quarter, yet only 5 minutes from station).—To be SOLD, Freehold or Leasehold, an extremely well-built and prepossessing RESIDENCE, facing East, and standing in its own gardens of ¾ of an acre, including kitchen garden, full-sized tennis lawn, rosary, pergola, revolving summer-house, etc. The accommodation comprises:—

Fine hall (18ft. by 14ft.), 2 staircases, large nursery, drawing room, dining room (with large bay), 6 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

FINE VIEWS.

EXCELLENT GOLF COURSE

within a mile.—Box HS 122, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GRAVEL SOIL. *Gas and electric light.*

LARGE ROOMS.

SALISBURY (near; 1¼ miles from a station).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, with *hall (24ft. by 12ft.), dining room (21ft. by 15ft.), drawing room (22ft. by 17ft.), morning room (20ft. by 15ft.), 6 large bedrooms, 3 smaller bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, study, usual offices.*

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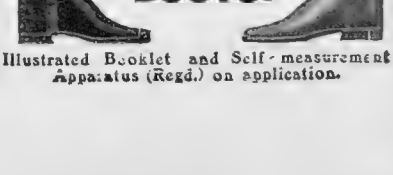

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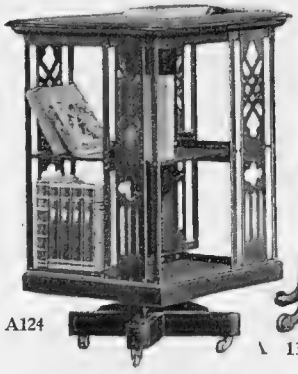

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Dahlias and Other Tubers

Dahlias have flowered well and long this year, though some were damaged by the gale at the beginning of last month. As soon as the tops are blackened the tubers should be lifted and placed in a shed where they will be safe from frost. They may be packed closely together and covered with straw, but in order to maintain a more even temperature and prevent excessive drying it is better to store them in sand. If ashes are used they should not come from sulphurous coal. Gladioli may be treated in the same way, though it is not always necessary to lift them. Some species are quite hardy—at any rate, in light, well-drained soil—and may be left in the ground for several years. In this case, however, it is advisable to protect them from the risk of injury by the fork or spade, as well as from draught and extremes of temperature, the simplest method being to grow over them low spreading plants, such as violas. Begonias in beds, on the other hand, must be lifted. They have less vitality than gladioli—for one reason, because the latter renew their youth annually by the production of new corms, which take the place of the old—and some of them generally die during the winter. But if they are carefully stored, the percentage should not be large. Among cannas the mortality is frequently much greater. There cannot be much doubt that this is due to mismanagement. The usual practice is to dry them off, which must surely be wrong, for in their native *habitat* they are practically evergreen. Certainly fewer of them die when they are left in pots and, though given scarcely any water while they are not growing, not allowed to get perfectly dry than when they are turned out and stored like begonias.

Flowering Plants for Winter

Among the most important greenhouse plants for the colder months of the year are chrysanthemums, cyclamens, tree carnations, and winter begonias. To these may be added various abutilons, azaleas, rhododendrons, and camellias, specially grown annuals such as the schizanthus hybrids, and early in spring many bulbs. All of them are useful, but for continuous flowering the winter begonias are easily first. They require rather a high temperature, and in the presence of an excessive amount of moisture their soft stems are apt to decay, but with care they will retain their beauty for months. It is not so many years since the first of the race was obtained by crossing the tuberous class with the fibrous-rooted. The result was the beautiful Gloire de Lorraine, and though many other varieties have been raised since, it still remains one of the best. It flowers so profusely and for such a long time that for winter effect it is invaluable. As for all fibrous-rooted plants, the soil should be rather firm, and as any excess of moisture should pass readily through, it should be light and porous, with plenty of drainage underneath. With this precaution, and with fresh air at every opportunity and a sufficiently high temperature, winter-flowering begonias rarely fail to grow and flower well.

H. C. Davidson.

Sport at the 'Varsities

The Oxford Rugger XV.

There are already many indications that the 'Varsity football teams are to enjoy a successful season. The various trial matches have revealed a welcome supply of useful talent, both at Oxford and Cambridge, and all the vacancies can be filled worthily, and, in most cases, with men equally as able as those whom they replace. In the Dark Blue Rugby fifteen either R. Bourne, of Trinity, or H. L. Sampson, the South African Rhodes Scholar, should be able to release F. G. Buchanan from the full-back position for the three-quarter line, where his abilities find much better expression. With the fleet-footed Poulton as partner, the Scotsman should make up a very formidable wing. It may be—though somewhat unlikely—that the Old Rugbeian will be played in the centre, so leaving the wing positions, supposing Martin does not play, for the Colonial Rhodes Scholars, D. L. Nicolas and G. J. Maritz, or G. T. Gravell. However composed, Oxford are certain to be strong behind, the more so seeing that W. I. Cheeseman and L. R. Broster are revealing a good understanding at half. In the capable hands of the Old Blue, the Rev. W. J. Carey, now in residence at Pusey House, and led by F. H. Turner, the captain, the Oxford pack are getting nicely together.

Promising Freshers

There has been a great and natural rejoicing in the Cambridge "Rugger" camp over the discovery of backs of class from among the Freshers' ranks. The dearth of able backs has been the misfortune of the Light Blues these three years now, and the arrival of the Fettesians, A. B. Ovens and E. McCosh, who are showing most promising form, especially the former, has given the greatest gratification to Light Blue supporters. There are others, too—F. H. Broad, of Dulwich, a strong tackler, and the possessor of a clever swerve; D. K. Llewellyn, of Christ's College, Brecon; and E. A. Coad Pryor, of Haileybury. The diminutive Boyd, the Old Blue, is, as one suggested earlier in the season, likely to be superseded, for B. S. Cumberlege, the Durham Freshman, is proving a competent partner as scrum-worker to Lockhart, the cricket Blue and googly man, who should be a certainty as stand-off half; his defence, which was open to criticism, has improved immensely this season. Of the forwards it can only be said at present that there is plenty of good material, but that they are taking rather long to settle down.

Impending Innovations

The "Soccer" captains have been equally fortunate with the Rugby leaders; the needful talent has been provided. A. W. S. Wagner, of Thame Grammar School, gave so good a display in the Freshmen's match as to encourage great hopes that he will worthily fill V. O'C. Miley's place in the centre-forward position, Oxford's most pressing problem. H. G. Bache, the Cambridge captain, found among his Freshmen likely successors to Thew and Cuthbertson, at back and half respectively, in R. G. Thompson, of Malvern, and B. S. Evers, of Newbury. The latter is, however, rather too light a man, and C. B. Thompson, a Senior, will probably get in here. Two proposals of some considerable importance, both of which The Bystander forecasted last term, have recently been brought forward, viz., to abolish independent sports' meetings at Cambridge in favour of an inter-collegiate competition on the "knock-out" system; and to shorten the Oxford Eights Week to four days, and row the lowest division in clinker-built craft.

R. C. R.

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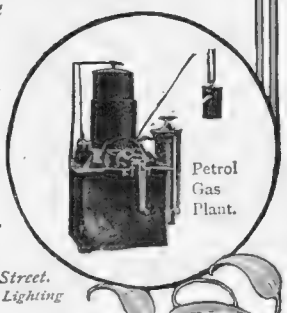

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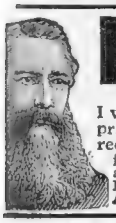

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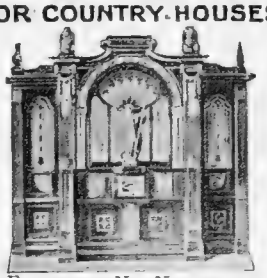

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By MRS. JACK MAY

A SALUTARY measure I strongly advise all those who are still obsessed by the hobble skirt and cake-tin hat to take is a walk about some populous, but not exactly elect, district of town on Saturday or Sunday, when the "young person" is about with attendant cavalier. La, la, the spectacles one sees. Almost it induces one to rush away to the extremes of dowdiness. Anything, anything, indeed, rather than assume the freakish silhouette, which is the populace's interpretation of the artistic First Empire and classical vogues.

The courage of the young person is simply astounding, nothing is too grotesque or too disfiguring for her to attempt. There is, apparently, nothing incongruous in her travelling about in tube or train arrayed in some piquant little net *capote*, hung about with silver fringe, and an infantile frill of lace, and a skirt in which it is equally impossible to sit or walk. Hobble garters, so it is announced by a contemporary who ought to know, provide the latest phase of madness. These are described as a pair of garters connected by a third, the latter acting as a deterrent to an absent-minded wearer disposed to forget her adopted mincing walk, the elastic warning giving the necessary pull-up ere the limitations of the skirt are touched. Of a truth, *il faut soufjrir d'avoir beauté.*

A Charming Evening Manteau
Built of an alliance of Bleu de France and Black Fox
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

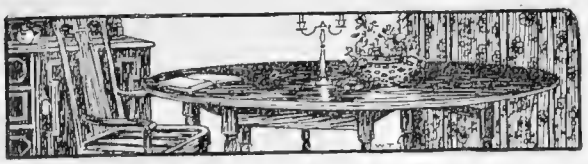
La Mode Beautifully Interpreted at the Criterion

A play in which the names of Miss Mary Moore and Miss Ellis Jeffreys are associated can always be counted upon to supply some valuable dress hints. Both these talented ladies have notoriously good taste, and that invaluable faculty of not only being in, but of their clothes, assimilating every fresh fashion device that comes along with the utmost ease, while at the same time always retaining each her own peculiar individuality.

Martial Armand is the firm chiefly requisitioned for the dressing of the revival of *The Liars*, and they have devised some significantly beautiful creations for Miss Moore. A particular emphasis is laid on a veiled sash effect. This, in the opening scene, occurs in connection with a ravishing evening gown of ivory satin, the skirt long, and falling in full, clinging folds about the feet, worn in conjunction with a net tunic that is embroidered deeply at the edge with silver bugles, and carried up to a slightly high waistline, where it meets a corsage all silver bugle *treillage*. Through the interstices of the latter one gets glimpses of a blue sash, a blue that is at once pale and yet forcible, the broad ends of which fall down perfectly straight beneath the tunic, eventually emerging clear with a raised silver embroidery, introduced as a decorative finish.

A River Gown of White Souple Cloth

In Scene II., Miss Moore wears a river gown of white *souple* cloth, that has a high-waist coat effect in front, while at the back there occurs the separated wide panel, which is *le dernier cri*. A *soupçon* of Miss Moore's favourite blue is again introduced in the guise of a tiny cross-over vest of silk below a lingerie *guimpe*, a glorious black hat of splendid silhouette, three-quarters of the



Furniture—The Ideal

By CURCULIO

THE quality of uniqueness is the most important component of the ideal. For we can never be said to have achieved the ideal in anything when we have simply acquired a copy of a model that is at everyone else's disposal. However ideal that model may originally be the diffusion of its copies must inevitably render it commonplace, and the commonplace and the ideal are the two opposite poles of artistry. What lady of fashion lives who will suffer herself to wear a gown the counterpart of which may be seen on a dozen other backs? Her ideal gown is no copy, but an unreproduced original of which the sole and exclusive rights are to be vested in herself.

As with gowns, so, in an even greater degree, with furniture, for the dressing of a house is, after all, a more

important matter than the mere dressing of a body; and the individual who aims at an ideal home in the term's true sense will seek to furnish in a manner that shall be not only tasteful, but distinctive. To succeed in this is not as easy as it may appear. It demands observation of an almost expert kind, it requires study, and it needs guidance. It is not, for instance, by visiting vast exhibitions of furniture that taste is to be moulded into individual lines. Exhibits—like most things—may be roughly divided into two classes: good and bad. The bad, being bad, requires no further attention; the good will attract a host of copiers, who will make such full use of the opportunity afforded them that, by unrestrained reproduction of these models, they will succeed in so vulgarising them as to render them as undesirable as if they had possessed no beauty originally to commend them. Such guidance as exhibitions offer is, therefore, the guidance to be eschewed by those who aim at the ideal home. Rather is the guidance to be enlisted of a firm of masters in the art of furniture; a firm of specialists too jealous of the fine models they collect to place them at the mercy of every copyist; a firm whose wide experience is at the disposal of its patrons, to the end that the individual taste of the latter may be conducted into finding the expression that is most worthy of it.

I know of no firm in better case for this than that of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher. Their name bulks largely in the history of furniture; for the efforts they have exerted in obedience to an impulse of that artistry that distinguishes their methods is mainly responsible for the revival of the vogue of the Georgian and earlier styles. In recommending them I do not suggest that you should too slavishly follow their advice, for that would be to sink your own personality; nor, indeed, is this a proceeding they would themselves advise. They would, I know, prefer that their counsel should be your stick rather than your crutch, and that the sufficiency of model interiors they can show you should assist you in giving the most artistic possible expression to your own individual tastes, no matter how dim and inchoate may have been your ideas before you enlisted their unrivalled aid.

If your taste inclines to the antique, you will see in their showrooms specimens of a grace and beauty entirely unique, which you are not likely to see duplicated elsewhere, for as collectors they are too expert to be misled into acquiring or offering the commonplace. If you desire to furnish in a modern manner, you will with difficulty discover their equals in this branch; for that same expert acquaintance with the best work of the old masters has had its inevitable refining influence upon their taste, so that their models present a grace and originality entirely their own.

A visit to their most interesting establishment (at 217-218, Tottenham Court Road) will go some little way towards showing you how to contrive the ideal home that we all desire but so few of us are really successful in achieving.

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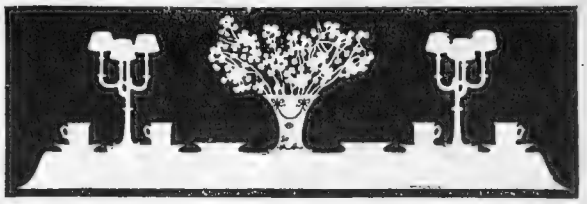

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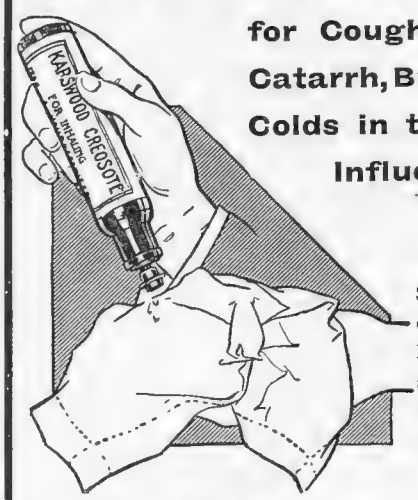

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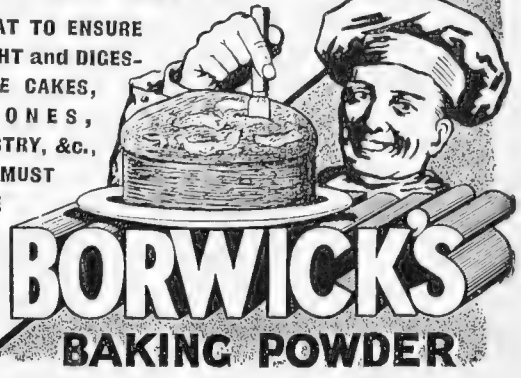

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

crown swept by a white Hussar ostrich feather, completing a notable toilette. And the veiled sash again figures prominently in Miss Moore's third change. This, what may be described as a visiting toilette, is of *ninon* in a warm mole shade, the over-dress enhanced by a blurred gold metal embroidery, which is rendered still more mysterious by veiling a broad application of white lace. In outline the bodice is quite severe, and is entirely of the embroidery, stopping short of the normal waist-line to show the tiniest fold of cerise satin, the premonitory signal of the veiled sash, which appeared at the back.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys carried off with an air that is peculiarly her own, two toilettes, that might conceivably have proved distinctly trying to many women. The first was the coolest, filmiest affair of soft ivory muslin, inlet with lace and muslin embroidery, the short upper-dress cut in great square battlements over a sash of the palest citron-green satin ribbon. A startling colour-note is provided in a strong leaf-green picture-hat, merely ornamented at one side with a great cluster of pastel-toned satin roses.

Miss Jeffreys's Toilettes

Miss Jeffreys has accepted throughout the decree of the collarless throat, which is to be somewhat regretted. Of eminently original flavour is a gown of the new strong pink satin, now so much in vogue, which is tempered by a tunic of ivory net trimmed with a deep renaissance lace insertion. A flat, curved bib arrangement of this *dentelle appliqué* on the loosely moulded satin bodice is partially veiled by incidental shoulder draperies of the net, modelled in one with equally incidental little over-sleeves. The throat of the pink satin bodice is finished off with the narrowest falling collar of soft lace, two small tight black ribbon velvet bows, the overlap, passed through a minute paste buckle, attracting the eye to the left-hand side of the waist in front, to which point the tunic is slit up, the second bow uniting the disintegrated sides lower down. Daring enough in its great simplicity, this, together with the other gowns described above, clearly points a coming modistic moral, and adorns the still very laughable story of *The Liars*.

The Smartest Blouse of the Season
A pretty tucked presentment in *ninon*
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Ski-ing in Switzerland

The exodus is already impending for the popular winter resorts, and discussions are rife as to suitable clothing, particularly head and footgear. For that fascinating—when you have mastered it—flying pastime, ski-ing, the Lotus people have brought out a most admirably satisfactory boot. Endorsed with all the practical virtues of the approved Norwegian pattern, the Lotus ski-ing boot is infinitely more efficient and far more presentable. Ample room is provided for the spread of the toes, while to prevent blistering by the riding up of the socks, the fit round the ankle and heel is very close. Moreover, the Lotus is of British manufacture, and consequently sound throughout.

Other seasonable specialities are the black glacé calf Lotus shoes and boots suitable to light country wear or wet days in town, while a smart brogued shoe, built in tan willow calf, is strongly recommended for golfing, tramping, and rougher country uses, and is altogether a remarkable production for 17*s.* 9*d.* Equally to meet the exigencies of the moment are the Lotus Company keeping up a full range of representative house shoes. But the closest and most reliable information is to be gleaned from the firm's illustrated booklet.

An Alliance of Bleu de France and Black Fox

This is enchantingly expressed in an evening *manteau*, modelled in response to the latest decree on clinging, classical lines. Although of a seemingly pronounced all-in-one cut, there are joins, of course, but so deftly concealed it almost seems discourteous even to hint their presence. Of *satine feutre*, in the approved strong blue, which is itself of classical suggestion, the borderings of soft black fox stand out in prominent relief, the throat-piece taking on the now favourite attached stole guise.

The Smartest Blouse of the Season

I trust no ultra-inquiring spirit will ask where our pretty tucked presentment can be obtained. And to avoid any such *contretemps*, let me say at once that I do not know. I have only met it worn, and on the right people. *Ninon* is the fabricating medium, one harmonising in tone with the accompanying skirt. I am intimately acquainted with a heavy mauve striped Cheviot skirt, and a blouse after this *genre* of mauve *ninon*, ornamented with fine crochet silk buttons.

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John Wilsons' Successors, Ltd., are holding a special sale of "Heirloom" Table Damask. These exclusive designs are being sacrificed at clearance prices. One damask, in particular, that of the "Palm and Cactus" pattern, may claim to be the finest made. But send to John Wilsons' Successors, Ltd., 188, Regent Street, W., for illustrated sale catalogue.

The Menu: SOME SEASONABLE FISH DISHES

A Fish Purée

Take a small fresh haddock, wash it, and cut off the head, tail, and fins, skin and fillet it, place the head, bones, etc., in a stewpan with two quarts of water, one tablespoonful of oatmeal, a bunch of parsley, pepper and salt. Boil gently for one hour, stirring occasionally, then pass through a sieve, remove all bones from the saucepan, and replace the stock, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Stir until the butter is melted, then add the fillets of haddock, boil until the fish is cooked (about ten minutes), and then pass soup and fish through a hair-sieve. Reheat and serve with bread cut into dice and fried. Whiting, plaice, or lemon-sole may be used in place of haddock.

Vol-au-Vent of Turbot

Take any remains of cold boiled turbot, free it from skin and bone, and flake it finely; mix it until fairly moist with a rich white sauce, and add half a pint of picked shrimps, pepper and salt. Mix thoroughly, and put in a pan on the fire, heat it to nearly boiling-point; then take it off. Have ready a pastry vol-au-vent case, fill it with the fish, and serve hot.

Haddock en Orlie

Fillet a small fresh haddock, halve these fillets, and dip in batter, fry a delicate golden brown, and serve with a good tomato sauce.

Sole à la Financière

Prepare some fillets of sole or turbot, and have ready a buttered fireproof dish. Sprinkle it with chopped mushrooms, minced parsley, shallot, and herbs. On this place the fish to be baked, and pour round it some fish stock with a wineglassful of white wine, almost to cover it, place more mushrooms over it, and sprinkle grated cheese over the top. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

Casserole of Fish

Roll up some small fillets of sole. Put them in an earthenware casserole dish with some sliced potatoes (parboiled), tomatoes, peppercorns, and a very small onion, flavour with salt and pepper, and cover with stock; place in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the gravy, strain, and thicken with cornflour and a little cream or milk, and add half a wineglassful of sherry. Return to the oven for ten minutes, and serve in the casserole. This is a very good luncheon dish.

A Fish Soufflé (sufficient for Six Persons)

No matter if the soufflé is to be baked or steamed, the first preparations are the same. Thoroughly grease the soufflé-tin (or fireproof china dish) and fasten a stiff band of buttered paper round it, so that the paper protrudes four inches above the edge of the dish. In no case fill the dish more than two-thirds full, and always cook gently. If cooked fast, the soufflé will be spoiled. Now melt 1oz. of butter and stir into it 1oz. of flour and one gill of milk, and let this all cook together till perfectly blended; take it off the fire, let it cool a little, then mix in the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, beating each well in before adding the next; season with pepper and salt, add 4oz. of raw fish free from skin and bone, minced, and then put through a sieve. Finally, stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a very stiff froth. If you wish for a "baked soufflé," place the dish in a moderate oven and bake for thirty minutes. If a steamed soufflé is required, cover the top of the soufflé with buttered paper, and place in a pan with two folds of paper under. Pour in gently some boiling water, and cook slowly. The water should not reach more than half-way up the soufflé dish. Steam for thirty minutes, remove the paper rim, put the tin into a silver soufflé dish, and serve at once. EMILIA.

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"REGINA VIOLET,"
"REGINA CREAM."

"COURT" in Twenty-six Varieties.
To be obtained at all STORES, CHEMISTS, and GROCERS.

Are you troubled by FACE SPOTS, ECZEMA OR A RASH?

ARE you annoyed by facial blemishes of any kind? Have you an irritating rash or unpleasant red eruption on your skin? Is there an angry-looking spot on your face? Do you suffer from skin irritation that torments you all day long, and keeps you awake at night? If so, we have good news for you. Antexema will relieve you the moment you apply it, and will soon clear your skin of all that disfigures it. Do you think this is too good to be true? If so, put the matter to a practical test by obtaining a bottle of Antexema and applying it to your skin. You will soon feel and see the difference, and though you may have not been able to sleep comfortably for months, you can be sure of a good night's rest after using Antexema. Mr. G. F., of Wrenthorpe, told us that he had suffered terribly from eczema; had been to three doctors and a hospital; and had only been able to sleep for three hours in a month; and then he goes on to say, "Antexema gave me instant ease, and effected a complete and thorough cure."

Here are the names of the more prevalent skin troubles: Acne, baby rashes, bad legs, barber's rash, blackheads, blotches, eczema, both dry, weeping, and scaly, itching piles, nettlerash, pimples, ringworm, and scalp troubles. All these forms of skin illness, and dozens beside, are cured by Antexema. Skin sufferers frequently tell us they have been to doctors, skin specialists, and tried so-called remedies, one after another, without gaining a cure, and that now they cannot believe anything will deliver them from their enemy. Our reply is, "Try Antexema!"

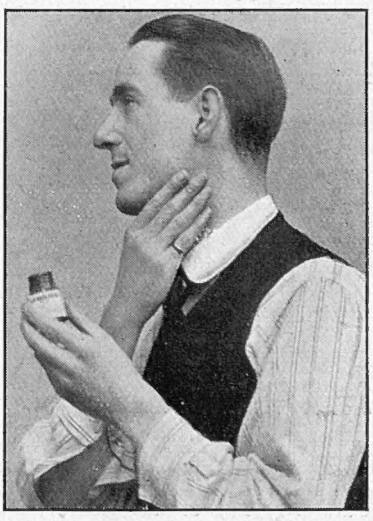
Then, again, they say that they have suffered for so many years that it does not seem possible they can rid themselves of their trouble. Once more we say, "Try Antexema!" Whatever the trouble, part of body affected, or the age of the sufferer, Antexema is equally certain to cure. There is one other point that should be noted. Antexema is not an ointment, so you need no bandages with it, and it neither greases anything it touches nor shows on the skin. It instantly forms a dry, invisible, artificial skin over the bad place, which keeps out dust, grit, and disease germs. It soothes and heals the trouble, causes new and healthy skin to grow, and quickly effects a permanent cure. There is no remedy known to science to-day which can compare with Antexema as a skin medicine.

There is nothing of the quack nostrum about Antexema. It is a thoroughly scientific remedy, and the result of the study and research of a well-known doctor. Every bottle is made up from his original formula, in our own laboratory, under competent supervision. For the last twenty-five years it has been working most wonderful cures even in apparently hopeless cases. During this period scores of so-called remedies have been offered to the public, and forgotten, because they failed to justify the claims made for them, whilst Antexema has steadily risen in favour with doctors, nurses, and the public.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of dealing with skin troubles when the first symptoms make themselves visible. Redness or roughness of the skin, chafing, pimples, eruptions, slight rashes, and other such signs are Nature's warning to you that your skin is not perfectly healthy. At this stage two or three applications of Antexema will be sufficient to prevent the mischief going further. Your skin will be cooled and soothed, and in a few days all signs of skin illness will have completely disappeared. If, however, these warning signs are ignored the trouble will increase and extend, and it will not be long before you wake up to the fact that you are suffering from eczema or something equally annoying and distressing. That is why it is so essential that those who value skin health should use Antexema promptly.

Every skin sufferer should "Try Antexema!" This is far more convincing than anything else. Thousands have already proved the value of Antexema and been cured by it during the last quarter of a century. Why not you? Get a bottle of Antexema at once, for delay in skin illness is dangerous, and leads to terrible suffering, disfigurement, and humiliation.

Every chemist, pharmacist, and store, also Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Lewis and Burrows, and all supply Antexema at 1/1½ and 2/9, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/9 from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.



Antexema is the one sure cure for every skin trouble in any part of the body and at all ages.

The Editor's Box

The Playhouse

Mr. Cyril Maude asks us to say that the matinée in aid of the Tuberculin Dispensaries, which he had announced to take place on Monday, November 7, has been postponed until next May. The exact date and full particulars will be duly announced.

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment"

Successful performances of *Lady Huntworth's Experiment* were recently given at the Eltham Parish Hall. Colonel B. St. J. Barter scored heavily as the Rev. Audley Pillenger, and Mrs. Barter's performance of the highly tried Lady Huntworth had many good points. Mr. A. G. Leach, R.A., played the difficult rôle of Crayll, and came well out of a trying ordeal. Mr. R. Y. Hedderwick was natural and manly as Captain Dorvaston, Lucy had a pretty representative in Miss Ellinor Yeatman, and other parts were carefully and satisfactorily played by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. F. Gaitskell, Miss Joan Sandford Smith, Mrs. Maxwell, and Mr. R. T. E. Massey. The whole performance reflected great credit on Mr. S. H. Strong's genius for theatrical production.

Criterion Theatre

Sir Charles Wyndham revived *The Liars* at the Criterion Theatre last Wednesday. The cast includes Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Sam Sothern, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, and Miss Mary Moore.

Lyceum Theatre

The Sins of London still screams from Wellington Street to the inner suburbs for support. It gets it. The theatre is crowded nightly. Mr. Frederick Ross is the idol of the house as the hero, and well he deserves the honour. His methods are strongly reminiscent of those of the late Wilson Barrett. A word to the Brothers Melville! Why not revive *The Sign of the Cross?* There is another generation ready now to absorb this great money-spinner, and Mr. Ross is the man for Marcus.

Suburban Attractions

That popular Gaiety musical play, *Havana*, with Miss Hebe Bliss in the cast, is the visitor this week to the Broadway, New Cross. At the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, is Leonard Boyne in *Raffles*. James Welch is still on the road with *When Knights Were Bold*, and is this week to be found at the Kennington. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is the attraction at the Grand Theatre, Fulham. The Marlborough, Holloway, has that pretty musical play, *Captain Kidd*, while *The Man from Blankley's* is sure of a welcome from the patrons of the Borough Theatre, Stratford.

Literary Note

Arnold Bennett's brilliant series, "Paris Nights," commences in the November issue of the *English Review*, which also contains the censored act of Laurence Housman's new play, and an important article by Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., on the Osborne judgment.

"The Amateur Gardeners' Diary and Dictionary for 1911"

This book has been entirely rewritten from cover to cover, and it embraces 220 pages of information of value to every amateur gardener, showing when to sow, plant, divide, take cuttings, shift and prune every subject of the hardy flower garden, the cool greenhouse, and the stove-house. It is bound in French-grey covers, and sold at the modest price of 1s. by the Cable Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd., Hatton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

One of the Eight Richly Chased Mercurial Gilt Wall Brackets, made by Garrard and Co., Ltd., the Crown Goldsmiths and Jewellers, of the Haymarket, for Mr. G. H. Winterbotham's Vestibule at Horton Hall, Northants. They were designed by the Architect of the Building, Mr. W. Courtenay Le Maitre, A.R.I.B.A.

Brussels Exhibition Awards

Messrs. Curtis's and Harvey, Ltd., of 3, Gracechurch Street, E.C., recently received official advice from the Brussels Exhibition to the effect that the jury had awarded them the following in respect of their exhibits there: Class 51, Grand Prix; Class 87, Grand Prix; Class 127, Grand Prix; Class 63, Gold Medal. This Company was formed in 1898 to take over the private business of manufacturers of explosives of the same name, and also other well-known concerns, and is probably one of the oldest houses in this line of business in the world, one at least of their factories having been working in the sixteenth century in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and doubtless furnished powder for the ships of Drake and Raleigh. In the last century the firm became very widely celebrated as the manufacturers of the black sporting powder called "Diamond Grain," and this tradition of the house has extended to the present day, as by means of their well-known "Smokeless Diamond" and "Amberite" sporting powders, they are well in the forefront in supplying explosives to serve as propelling charges for sporting guns. The Company also manufacture all kinds of accessories necessary to the use of explosives, and samples of these will be found in the exhibit.

"The Gibson Art Calendar, 1911"

"The Gibson Art Calendar" for 1911 is this year produced in a far more attractive form than it has been in previous years. It consists of thirteen sheets of thick white board (12½in. by 15½in.), with a large collogravure picture on each sheet, printed on India tinted ground, plate-marked, and with a small picture in the margin, printed in a second tone. The sheets are tied with heavy silk cord, and enclosed in a box. The contents of this calendar are specially attractive, as they include, besides a number of the best drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, several charming pictures by W. Balfour-Ker, Coles Philips, Bayard Jones, Harrison Fisher, etc., whose drawings have been so popular in the calendars issued in past years. The calendar is beautifully printed throughout, and each sheet contains a charming picture suitable for framing. The price of the calendar complete is 7s. 6d. net, and an early application should be made to a bookseller to secure a copy, as the edition is limited.

A Valuable Hint to Mothers

When children reach the age of ten months and upwards they frequently need a more solid diet than bottle-food for their morning and mid-day meals. The "Allenburys" Rusks admirably supply this want. They are baked from specially selected flour, rich in muscle-forming constituents, and resemble crisp toast biscuits. If added to hot milk and water, and sweetened, the "Allenburys" Rusks provide a semi-solid nourishing and easily digested food. They are of particular value during teething time. Eaten dry, the "Allenburys" Rusks mechanically aid the cutting of teeth, and children much appreciate them. Mothers should supplement their use of the "Allenburys" Foods with these Rusks, and they will find them an invaluable addition to baby's dietary. Obtainable from chemists in tins at 1s. 6d. or 2s. 9d. Samples of the Rusks with full particulars of their uses will be sent free on request to Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.